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for OCTOBER 1, 1932

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Roosevelt Reveals His Program to the Country

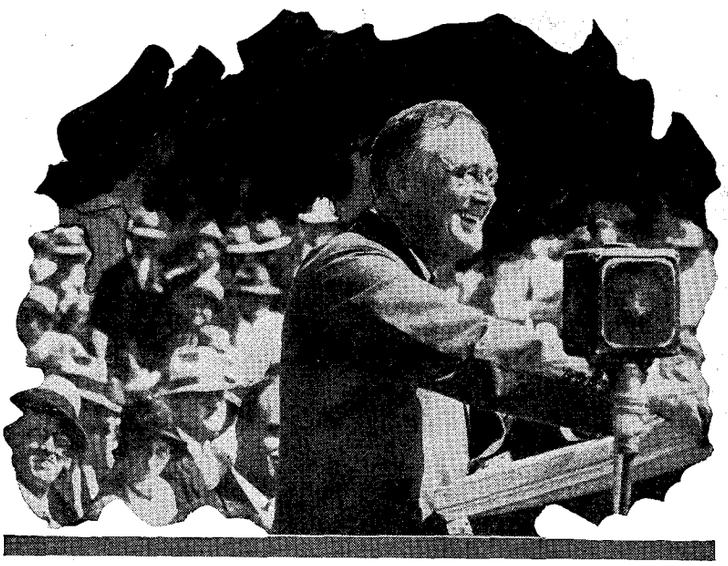
A DEEP-CHESTED, BIG-ARMED MAN with a bright, quick smile goes to the Far West to get to Washington.

Seeking in the mountains and on the plains for the trail that leads to the White House, he asks the thousands that he meets along the route to help him in that direction.

Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt is talking and smiling his way through one of the longest campaign trips ever undertaken by a Presidential candidate. Admittedly, it will have a vital bearing on the November 8 result.

With Republicans and other political foes eager to attack him for the slightest slip, and his own party ready to capitalize every point he makes, his speeches are being heard and read with closest attention. Thus we have another dramatic, tho verbal, conflict for the winning of the West.

Under a blazing Kansas sun, Governor Roosevelt raises his high, clear voice in the first big speech of his trip. Talking to 12,000 depression-harried farmers at Topeka—men in shirt-sleeves and women carrying parasols and umbrellas—he tells them—and millions of others throughout the land—what he would do to raise agriculture from the slough.



Acme

"This Nation Can Not Endure Half 'Boom,' Half 'Broke'"

Declared Governor Roosevelt in his farm speech at Topeka. Then he smiled as his audience cheered.

NEXT we find him at Salt Lake City, delivering his second major speech before a crowd of 12,000 that overflows the great Mormon Tabernacle. This time he gives the country his program for rehabilitation of the railroads.

Less important, perhaps, is his next pronouncement, tho it lands on page one with the others. It is his speech on silver delivered at Butte, Montana, where, as Ernest K. Lindley tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "ten thousand persons, symbolic in their threadbare clothes and drawn faces of Mr. Roosevelt's 'forgotten man,'" hear him promise to call an international conference on silver. But at the same time he declares that "sound currency" must be maintained.

Cheered by a crowd of 75,000 lining the streets of Seattle, Governor Roosevelt urges in his first Pacific coast speech that the tariff be revised by reciprocal agreements to restore trade.

And in the third major address of his tour, at Portland, Oregon, he declares for "governmental regulation and control of public utilities engaged in the power business." Striking back at "certain utility companies" which have attacked him as "a dangerous man," he asserts that "my policy is as radical as the Constitution of the United States."

Turning to the Topeka address, we find the Governor talking as a farmer—"I have lived on a farm in the State of New York for fifty years." "There is no single remedy," he said at the outset, "that will by itself bring immediate prosperity to the agricultural population of all parts of the United States."

Then analyzing farm distress, he said that our 6,500,000 farm families, representing 22 per cent. of the total population, now receive but 7 per cent. of the national income. And 50,000,000 others, in the cities, also are affected by the agricultural slump. Cheers greeted him when he declared that "this nation can not endure if it is half 'boom' and half 'broke.'"

DECLARING that the things our farmers buy today cost 9 per cent. more than they did before the World War, but that the things they sell bring them 43 per cent. less, Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to attack the Republicans for enacting a tariff that "destroyed the foreign markets for our exportable farm surplus."

As for his own program, he advocates national planning, and a "planned use of land" which could eliminate marginal, or poorly producing, lands from competition. He also urges "national leadership in the reduction and more equitable distribution of farm taxes." "For the refinancing of farm mortgages, in order to relieve the burden of excessive interest charges and the grim threat of foreclosure," he would extend Federal credit to holders of farm mortgages.

COMING now to that part of his speech which has stirred up the hottest controversy, he said he aims to restore agriculture to economic equality with other industries within the United States. "I seek," he said, "to give to that portion of the crop consumed in the United States a benefit equivalent to a tariff sufficient to give you farmers an adequate price." And then:

"First: The plan must provide for the producer of staple surplus commodities, such as wheat, cotton, corn (in the form of hogs) and tobacco, a tariff benefit over world prices which is equivalent to the benefit given by the tariff to industrial products. This differential benefit must be so applied that the increase in farm income, purchasing and debt paying power will not stimulate further production.

"Second: The plan must finance itself. Agriculture has at no

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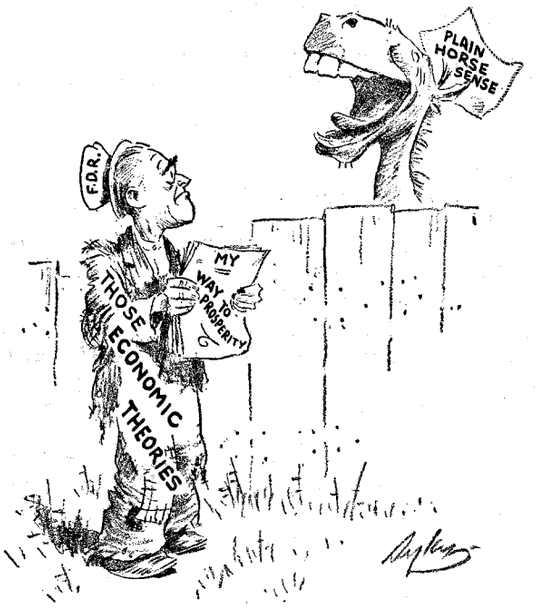
SWINGING 'ROUND THE CIRCLE
—Knott in the Dallas "News."



"OH, YEAH?"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

TWO OPPOSITE VIEWS OF ROOSEVELT AS A CAMPAIGNER

time sought and does not now seek any such access to the public treasury as was provided by the futile and costly attempts at price stabilization by the Federal Farm Board. It seeks only equality of opportunity with tariff-protected industry.

"Third: It must not make use of any mechanism which would cause our European customers to retaliate on the ground of dumping. It must be based upon making tariff effective and direct in its operation.

"Fourth: It must make use of existing agencies and so far as possible be decentralized in its administration so that the chief responsibility for its operation will rest with locality rather than with newly created bureaucratic machinery in Washington.

"Fifth: It must operate as nearly as possible on a cooperative basis, and its effect must be to enhance and strengthen the cooperative movement. It should, moreover, be constituted so that it can be withdrawn whenever the emergency has passed and normal foreign markets have been reestablished.

"Sixth: The plan must be, in so far as possible, voluntary. I like the idea that the plan should not be put into operation unless it has the support of a reasonable proportion of the producers of the exportable commodity to which it is to apply. It must be so organized that the benefits will go to the man who participates."

But this Roosevelt farm plan is "rainbow-chasing"; it is "too vague" and "futile," declare many papers. As the Minneapolis *Journal* (Ind. Rep.) puts it:

"The things Governor Roosevelt says should be done certainly should be done. The trouble is that Governor Roosevelt does not even vaguely hint at any possible way of doing them.

"He wants to make the tariff effective on the home consumption of exportable farm staples. He wants to do it without inviting larger surpluses, without coercion, without expenditure of government money, and without the foreign dumping of surplus.

"But he doesn't say how, nor does he even pretend to know how the thing can be done. He blithely assumes that such mere details can be easily worked out, once he is safely in the White House."

This is typical of much of the comment in Mid-Western States, altho Governor Roosevelt also has his loyal supporters.

His six-point farm-relief program is "a masterpiece of demagogic appeal, evasion, and generalization," declares the Tulsa *Tribune* (Ind. Dem.), and the Topeka *Daily Capital* (Rep.) calls it "a good essay on agriculture." To the Fargo *Forum* it is "disappointing," and the Kansas City *Journal-Post* (Ind. Rep.) calls it "utterly without merit—part of the old political game of 'farming the farmer.'"

But the Omaha *Morning World-Herald* (Ind.) believes that Governor Roosevelt "has met the hopes and expectations of the farmers of America"—

"It is not as a magician, not as a quack, that Franklin D. Roosevelt asks the support and assistance of the people. He comes instead as a thoughtful leader, with a firm grasp of the problem, with a sympathetic understanding, with a resolute determination to sweep away existing follies and injustices, and with the courage to outline and apply sound and helpful policies to rebuild what has been destroyed.

"He is not a reckless demagog. Nor more is he 'just another Hoover.'"

The Topeka speech "can not fail to be deeply gratifying to the Middle West," asserts the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Ind.). "It certainly takes rank as one of the most progressive statements on agriculture that has been made by a Presidential candidate in the recent history of the farm problem."

Turning now to the Salt Lake City speech, where he outlined his railroad program, we find the Governor winning a cheer by twitting the Administration for "resting on a featherbed of pious hopes." Drawing the issue, he said:

"Here is the difference in a few words between the policies of the President of the United States and policies which I propose.

"He suggests only the extension of further credits to the railroads—thus obviously increasing their debt and increasing their fixt charges. His policy may put off the evil day for a short period, but standing alone, it makes the day of reckoning more tragic for the nation.

"My policy goes to the root of the difficulty. While I would do everything possible to avert receiverships which now threaten us, I seek to bring the operating balance sheets of the railroads out of the red and put them into the black."

Some railroad presidents praise this speech. "On the whole, it was very well considered," said L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, as quoted in the press. It was "a very constructive statement," said J. J. Pelley, president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, also

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praised the address, says the Associated Press, but found "no essential difference" between it and Republican views.

And that is what the Republicans themselves assert. In fact, Representative Bertrand H. Snell declares that "the first constructive suggestion" that Governor Roosevelt has made "is lifted bodily from the President's message to Congress as late as last December."

"While the Salt Lake City speech is on the whole more conservative than some of Mr. Roosevelt's other utterances," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), "it offers no sufficient reason why he should be elected President."

But "his plan is sound, definite and constructive," asserts the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), adding that "the only persons who could complain of his specific program are speculators and stock-waterers." And the New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.) recommends this address "to any who still picture Governor Roosevelt as a raving radical."

HERE is Governor Roosevelt's railroad program as summarized by the New York *Times:*

"1. That the Government announce its intention to stand back of the railroads for a specified period, its help being conditioned upon acceptance by the railroads of such requirements as may, in individual cases, be found necessary to readjust 'topheavy' financial structures, and the preliminary development of a national transportation policy, with the aid of all interests, including investors, labor, shippers, and passengers.

"2. A thorough overhauling of the Federal laws affecting receiverships.

"3. Regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of competing motor-carriers.

"4. The commission should be relieved of enforcing competition where traffic is insufficient to support competing lines.

"5. Proposed consolidations of railroads in the public interest should be prest to a conclusion, with clearer definitions of the objects, powers, and duties of the commission in promoting and safeguarding all the 'particular interests' comprehended within the public interest—'those who have invested their money or their lives in the service of railroads; those who are dependent on its service to buy or to sell goods; those who rely upon it for the preservation of communities.'

"6. 'Railroad holding companies' should be definitely put under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

IN his Portland speech Governor Roosevelt made it clear that he does not advocate government ownership or government operation of all utilities. "As a broad, general rule," he said, "the development of utilities should remain, with certain exceptions, a function for private initiative and private capital."

Here is the eight-point program he proposes as summarized in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"1. Full publicity concerning all their financial ramifications.
"2. Publicity on stock ownership.
"3. Publicity concerning all intercompany contracts.
"4. Regulation of holding companies by Federal Power Commission.
"5. Cooperation of Federal Power Commission with State Public Service Commissions.
"6. Control of issues of securities on principle of prudent investment.
"7. Abolition by law of reproduction-cost theory in rate-making, and establishment of prudent investment principle.
"8. Legislation making it a crime to publish or circulate 'false or deceptive matter relating to public utilities.'"

"Dependable and Dignified"

Wisconsin turns to Walter Jodok Kohler, the "Bathroom King," who introduced color into plumbing porcelain.

Defeat of a Dynasty

DOWN TO DEFEAT for the first time in thirty-two years crashes Wisconsin's political "dynasty"—the fighting La Follettes.

In the Republican primary election, a landslide of some 100,000 votes undermines the candidacy of Gov. Philip F. La Follette, young son of the late "Fighting Bob."

The Badger State Republicans by this tremendous majority announce their preference for ex-Gov. Walter Jodok Kohler.

In addition, John B. Chapple, Ashland editor, unseats United States Senator John J. Blaine, La Follette standard-bearer, by a majority approximating 20,000 votes.

Political observers in Washington and Wisconsin look upon this fall of the La Follette "dynasty" as Wisconsin's belated return to the fold of conservative, Hooverite Republicanism.

The victory of thirty-two-year-old John B. Chapple over Senator John J. Blaine is acclaimed by Wisconsin's conservative newspapers as a humiliating defeat to the La Follette dynasty. This young Yale graduate, and member of the Amerian Legion, smashed into politics, in a battered car, and, we read, made fur fly by his denunciations of the "La Follette racket."

In a poll by wire of the Wisconsin press we find that Mr. Kohler's victory, in the opinion of the Oshkosh *Northwestern* (Rep.), indicates "a sensational upheaval of public sentiment in favor of practical common sense and constructive State government, as opposed to radical and idealistic experimentation that had placed a heavy burden upon the taxpayers."

Phil La Follette, adds the Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.), was "openly hostile to the industrialist and the manufacturer."

THE La Follette defeat is likened by the Racine *Journal-Times* (Rep.) to a "revolt on the part of the electorate," and has written a new annal in the history of Wisconsin politics.

The Madison *Wisconsin State Journal* (Ind. Rep.) is convinced that the Kohler victory is "the expression of the sane thought of Wisconsin voters on present conditions." John Chapple, writing in his own Ashland *Sun*, announces that "the defeat of the La Follette racket marks a turning-point not alone in the history of Wisconsin but of the nation. The people of Wisconsin have been in the front-line trenches, deciding whether to go on along the upward road or to follow the downward road toward disaster." The Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) notes that "La Follette attacked the Hoover Administration. But Mr. Kohler did not speak for it."

On the other hand, the Madison *Capital Times* (Ind.) attributes La Follette's defeat to the fact that "this is a sad year for the 'Ins.'"

"The scurrilous campaign of poison and slander against the Progressives during the past year, financed by the forces of wealth back of the 'Stalwart' candidates, sunk deeper into the fabric of Wisconsin's life than was anticipated.

"The Chapple campaign, more or less secretly sponsored and propagated by men of wealth, who publicly disowned many of the things done by Chapple, was a form of Ku Klux Klanism that seemed to have taken hold of thousands in Wisconsin."

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Roosevelt Slips Ahead in a See-Saw Race

THEY'VE PASSED THE 200,000 MARK, the New Yorker leading by a head.

Last week the Californian was leading by a nose.

Who will be leading next week, or the week after? As they say in the Southwest, *Quien sabe!*

Hoover, 100,323—Roosevelt, 102,185. That's the way the ballots fall in the second weekly report of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Presidential poll.

Our tabulation is still small and tentative, altho it covers more than twice as many States as last week's. The new ballot total is 222,014. The difference between this number and the combined Hoover-Roosevelt strength is made up by the minor candidates, chiefly Norman Thomas. Eleven States are included in the scanty preliminary returns presented on this page. Six new ones are added to the five which figured in our first report.

The new ones are California, Connecticut, Illinois, Maine, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. The five which opened the poll last week are Indiana, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Their ballot totals have grown like weeds since the first report, but are still in the infantile stage.

The combined eleven give us a fleeting total of 222,014 ballots tabulated at the time this issue of THE DIGEST goes to press, and the details will be found full of surprizes and juicy food for speculation. Let it be repeated, however, that the poll is still too much of a baby for anybody to treat it as an oracle. Not until the left-hand column has grown to the stature of forty-eight States, with millions of votes piling up in the candidates' columns, will the wise man venture on any prophetic stuff, and even then he'll keep an eye open for last-minute surprizes.

As we shall see further on, the history of Presidential elections is full of overthrown prophecies, full of "sure-fire" victories ingloriously addled and expected defeats turned into whoopee of triumph.

With this in mind, let us take a little trip among our columns of figures—not exhaustively, like scientific explorers, but rather lightly like tourists in a hurry to see the sights and have some fun.

RIGHT away we spot some "human-interest" stuff. Each candidate—would you believe it?—enjoys the support of his rival's home State. This spicy bit of gossip is revealed by the fact that California gives Roosevelt 7,985 ballots against 4,119 for the President, while New York gives Hoover 34,229 against 31,493 for its own Governor. Thus both aspirants learn the searching truth of the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The President's home-State vote, so far, is only about a third of California's total in this report.

Roosevelt, on the other hand, while polling something like 43 per cent. of the New York vote, captures hardly more than a third of the Massachusetts and Connecticut votes.

Maine catches the eye because of its much-talked-of election of a Democratic Governor. Well, Maine gives us a little surprize, for she happens to stand over 55 per cent. for Hoover in this report, giving the President 1,690 ballots against 1,239 for Roosevelt. However, next week's poll report may throw a different light on Maine's sentiment toward the Presidency.

And what of Pennsylvania, the historic Republican stronghold? Why, we find that it is continuing to pour in a Democratic majority of DIGEST ballots—21,833 for Roosevelt and only 17,441 for Hoover. The total number of ballots from Pennsylvania is 43,566. Obviously there's a leak somewhere. Ah. Norman Thomas? We turn to the "Minor Candidates" table! Sure enough, the "protest vote" in Pennsylvania amounts to 4,292 ballots, and Norman Thomas gets 3,326 of them.

Altogether, Mr. Thomas polls 15,587 votes out of the 222,014 embraced in this week's tally. Some of the alarmed party managers are beginning to warn voters that a vote for Thomas is a "wasted" vote, and may help to throw the election to the candidate least in favor with the voter casting the "wasted" ballot.

An extraordinary thing about Roosevelt's apparent majority in Pennsylvania, as it stands, is that it includes more former Republicans than former Democrats—10,211 of the former, 7,703 of the latter. But, again, many of the "Republicans" may be Democrats who became Hoover voters four years ago.

OF course, if Pennsylvania should continue to favor Roosevelt in greater numbers up to election day, the result would be equivalent to a peaceful revolution in a good-sized country. The Keystone State points with pride to the fact that it supported Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Blaine, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

Yes, and for all we know a Pennsylvania of the old complexion may reappear in next week's poll figures.

Ohio, "Mother of Presidents," also sticks in the Roosevelt column so far. Here, too, the Socialist candidate is running a stronger race than usual.

Poll fans will be studying the "doubtful" States—altho, as we shall see presently, some political experts deny that the same States are always doubtful, or that anybody really knows which States are doubtful until late in a Presidential campaign. Illinois, commonly regarded as doubtful, favors Roosevelt so far, but its returns are very small at present.

In the matter of electoral votes, Governor Roosevelt appears

	HOOVER								ROOSEVELT							
	1932 Total Vote	How the same voters voted in 1928						Did Not Vote	1932 Total Vote	How the same voters voted in 1928						Did Not Vote
		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Soc. Lab.	Proh.	Com.			Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Soc. Lab.	F. Lab.	Proh.	Com.	
CALIFORNIA	4,119	3,278	251	2	–	4	–	584	7,985	3,944	2,674	9	–	–	2	–	1,356
CONNECTICUT	5,441	4,403	342	–	2	–	–	694	3,379	1,151	1,713	7	–	–	–	–	508
ILLINOIS	2,601	2,128	159	–	–	–	–	314	3,068	1,275	1,296	4	–	–	–	–	493
INDIANA	3,399	2,673	255	3	1	1	1	465	3,951	1,360	1,995	3	3	–	2	–	588
MAINE	1,690	1,390	48	–	–	–	–	252	1,239	503	480	2	–	–	–	–	254
MASSACHUSETTS	6,847	5,477	445	1	–	–	–	924	4,244	1,441	2,053	3	1	–	–	–	746
NEW JERSEY	16,431	13,587	775	4	1	–	–	2,064	14,188	5,813	6,223	12	–	–	–	–	2,140
NEW YORK	34,229	27,357	2,464	12	–	1	1	4,394	31,493	10,688	15,990	69	2	–	3	5	4,736
OHIO	4,803	3,739	362	3	–	1	–	698	5,766	2,387	2,443	7	1	–	4	–	924
PENNSYLVANIA	17,441	14,438	703	9	–	5	1	2,285	21,833	10,211	7,703	29	4	1	9	1	3,875
WEST VIRGINIA	3,322	2,634	244	–	–	–	–	444	5,039	1,290	3,041	3	–	–	2	–	703
TOTALS	100,323	81,104	6,048	34	4	12	3	13,118	102,185	40,063	45,611	148	11	1	22	6	16,323

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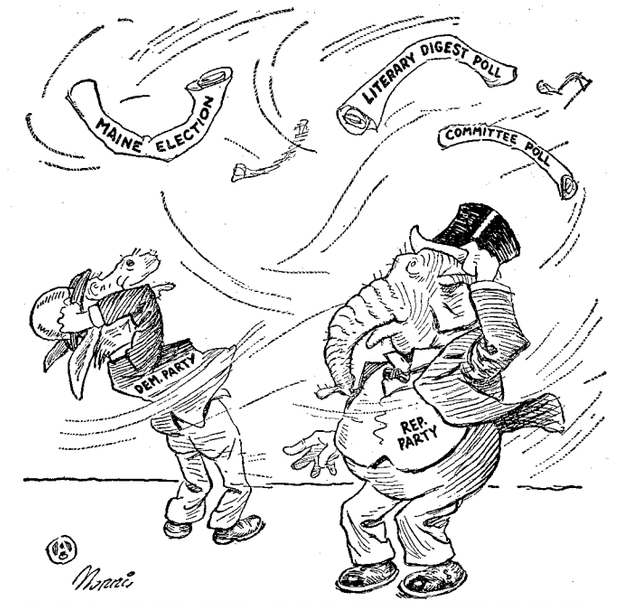
to be "getting the breaks" at this stage of the poll. The six States now standing for him carry 135 electoral votes, against 93 in the five States now alined for Hoover. However, that situation may be radically modified by a few more days of ballot-counting, analysis, and tabulation.

"How perilous it is to classify the doubtful States in the early or even late stages," writes Charles Willis Thompson in *The Commonweal*, "is proved by the illustrative fact that in 1916 nobody dreamed that California, which decided the election by voting for Wilson, was a doubtful State—not even on election day." Reading on:

"At this moment Massachusetts is a doubtful State, but may be a dead certainty within a month; and so it goes.

"If anybody knew, it would not be the newspaper writers, it would be the politicians. The fact that the politicians don't know is proved by the fact that they keep desperately fighting—and, what is more, spending money—until the day of election itself. If they did know, there would be no need for a campaign; there would be no national committees; they would all be sitting back placidly waiting for the forecast inevitable.

"Later it will be possible to classify the doubtful States; and it must be remembered, like an axiom, that it is only the doubtful States that count. The Solid South will vote Democratic; Vermont will vote Republican. In such sections the national committees will go through only mechanical motions; the fighting will be in the States known to be doubtful. If anybody knew, including Hoover and Roosevelt, how they would go, the two national committees would stop begging funds and expending money."



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"Which Way, Political Wind?"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

HERE Mr. Thompson pays his compliments to the various kinds of political prophets, exclaiming:

"Experts! When I first adventured into national politics in the last century, it was as a pupil of E. G. Dunnell, the sage expert of the New York *Times*, famed for keeping his feet on the ground and never being wrong. His nickname, however, was 'Keep-your-eye-on-Iowa Dunnell.' I inquired, and found that in the campaign of 1888 *The Times* had sent the old sage through the 'doubtful' States to report what his magic eye (and it was magic) found. Sojourning in Iowa and getting the straightest of tips, he became convinced that it was doubtful, and likely to go for Cleveland; so he began his dispatch, 'Keep your eye on Iowa.'

"When it went for Harrison by the usual rousing Republican majority, that monicker was fixt on him. It never left him.

"In 1912 Samuel G. Blythe produced, for *The Saturday Evening Post*, a decisive article mourning over the passing of Theodore Roosevelt, how poor Roosevelt wouldn't carry a single Republican State primary, and was gone for good. As it takes a few weeks to print a *Saturday Evening Post* article, this one blared forth on the news-stands the identical week when Roosevelt carried every Republican primary that was held—that is, a real primary; Wisconsin and New York were manipulated."

AFTER that, we are told, Blythe never made a prediction, and was said to have announced that he "would never write a line prophesying that the sun would rise." Mr. Thompson continues:

"Candidates! The night of his disastrous defeat in 1896, Bryan went to bed securely convinced that he would be elected by a landslide. Even that sanest of men, Theodore Roosevelt, running on a hopeless third ticket in 1912, was sanguine enough to use the expression to me, 'If I make the riffle'; he was too sensible to think he had a sure thing, but even he thought he had a chance—and he carried four States.

"There never was a better politician than Abraham Lincoln, and yet, in 1864, he was so sure that McClellan would beat him that he wrote a letter to his Cabinet announcing his purposes after his defeat, and gave it to them, sealed and not to be opened until McClellan's victory. McClellan carried three States. Four years before, Stephen A. Douglas had made a furious campaign in 'the doubtful States,' refusing John Bell's proposition that they both retire, since neither had a chance; and Douglas got just twelve electoral votes. In 1904 Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, no mean politicians, thought Alton B. Parker would surely beat them; and Roosevelt was elected by a monumental landslide. Parker didn't even carry his own State, and was the first Democrat since reconstruction to lose Missouri. In 1928 Al Smith thought he was going to be elected; 'And look what happened to me,' he said at the recent Democratic Convention.

"The only candidate I have met in many years of campaigning who knew he was going to be elected was Calvin Coolidge, and even that uncanny calculator did not feel sure of it until ten days before the election of 1924."

However, Mr. Coolidge's prevision was not exactly miraculous (as we take pleasure in reminding Mr. Thompson and our readers), for the LITERARY DIGEST poll had been pointing unerringly to his victory for weeks before election day. He couldn't miss it, for the opposition party were making a great scandal over it, denouncing it as Republican propaganda, threatening a Senatorial investigation, and so forth. In its final report, THE DIGEST forecast the standing of the candidates in the Electoral College count as follows:

Coolidge, 379; Davis, 139; La Follette, 13 (the electoral votes of his own State, Wisconsin).

The official election count resulted as follows:

Coolidge, 382; Davis, 136; La Follette, 13.

THE DIGEST'S total straw vote of 2,386,052 ballots, the largest ever known at that time, indicated that Coolidge would receive 56.50 per cent. of the popular vote. He actually received 55.21 per cent.

MINOR CANDIDATES

	Thomas 1932 Votes	*Reynolds 1932 Votes*	*Coxey 1932 Votes*	*Upshaw 1932 Votes*	*Foster 1932 Votes*	*Miscellaneous 1932 Votes*	*Totals*
CALIFORNIA	387	4	18	60	54	32	555
CONNECTICUT	917	11	8	12	40	53	1,041
ILLINOIS	162	2	6	30	34	27	261
INDIANA	233	7	8	56	24	17	345
MAINE	103	2	3	13	3	11	135
MASSACHUSETTS	1,094	15	10	24	66	87	1,296
NEW JERSEY	3,240	8	36	66	145	240	3,735
NEW YORK	5,419	46	134	156	435	563	6,753
OHIO	550	19	84	68	66	47	834
PENNSYLVANIA	3,326	39	129	269	213	316	4,292
WEST VIRGINIA	156	1	8	72	10	12	259
TOTALS	15,587	154	444	826	1,090	1,405	19,506

{Poll News continued on Page 40}

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A New Death Sentence for the Saloon

IT HAS MARRIED THE SPEAK-EASY and taken its wife's name.

The saloon has done this, and constitutional amendments and congressional statutes have failed to drive the "Old Devil" into exile.

It is foolish to speak of the "return of the saloon," because the saloon—bar, brass railing, and bottled booze—has never really left us.

"It can only be gotten rid of, as it will be gotten rid of, by local sentiment operating through local authority under a system which outlaws the liquor traffic when conducted for private profit."

Acme

Facing Another Cup Problem

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler intent on a difficult putt.

The country at large listens respectfully to Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University's wet president, as he outlines his "Plan for State Liquor Traffic Control. Following Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." This plan, as it is interpreted in the press, aims at:

1. The abolition of the saloon.
2. State authority to regulate liquor traffic after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.
3. Swedish and Quebec plans, forbidding drinking on the premises where liquor is purchased.
4. Reduction of the use of spirituous liquors by charging heavily for them, putting a low price on light wines and beers.

HERE is how Dr. Butler would extend the efficiency of his "State Liquor Traffic Control Authority":

"When several adjoining States shall have adopted the same or similar systems of State liquor traffic control it will then become distinctly helpful and a source of economy in administration to take advantage of the provision in the Constitution of the United States, Article I, Section 10, Paragraph 3, and, with approval of the Congress, to set up liquor traffic areas by compacts between groups of adjoining States which are ready to have the same system of liquor traffic control.

"Such a plan would greatly reduce the cost of administration, would widen the area and extend the boundary of the territory that would be under one single and uniform supervision, and would go far toward solving the interstate traffic problems which arise in connection with this question. For example, all the States of New England might be consolidated into a single liquor-traffic area."

THE weakness of this plan, as the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.) sees it, is that its success presupposes an operation "entirely free of partizan, political interest." This wet daily believes such operation impossible at the present stage of American politics:

"Had we a government made up of men of high standards of public service and of rigorous habits of integrity, it would, of course, be a good thing to turn over more power to them.

"But we haven't any such framework. Without it, the Quebec plan itself would fail.

"In our judgment, America will have to solve the liquor problem by going back first to that old, laboriously wrought system of checks and balances known as 'regulation.'"

But, protests the equally wet and equally Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, Dr. Butler's plan is not the final word. It is, however, "a valuable contribution to a study that should enlist the best brains in the community. It is suggestive, provocative, and timely, a proper challenge to intensive thought on the part of all true friends of temperance." The New York *World-Telegram* is even more imprest:

"We agree with Dr. Butler that it is none too soon for this State, in particular, to begin to study sane, practical plans for State liquor control. Avoid any interim of disorder or reactional excesses.

"One of the strongest arguments, of course, for the plan of our neighbor Quebec is that it has worked long and admirably in a near-by population where it can be easily examined and appraised.

"But, most of all, we agree with Dr. Butler's earnest effort to clear the ground of vague promises, concessions, proposed substitute amendments that threaten only to prolong confusion and provoke further conflict.

"Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment without replacements. Go back and start over again on the clean-cut basis of State right and State responsibility. That's the only safe, straightforward way."

DRY leaders waste no time in pointing out the "futilities" of the new Butler plan, trying to puncture the proposal as failing to guarantee the protection of Prohibition States. In a news dispatch to the New York *Times*, Edward B. Dunford, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, states:

"Even if Dr. Butler's plan were ideal, what guaranty can he or any one else who favors the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment furnish that New York or any other State would enact his so-called liquor-control plan?

"If the amendment were repealed, the Constitutional status existing before its adoption would be reestablished, and the saloons and other forms of liquor sale could be established in the States just as they were when the Amendment was adopted, except in States having State Prohibition by Constitutional or legislative enactment.

"In the twelve years since national Prohibition the rubber tires of automobiles have practically erased State lines. Communication between States is free and unrestricted.

"Under these changed conditions it would be impossible for any State to prevent liquor sold in an adjacent wet State, no matter whether under the Butler plan, the saloon plan or any other, from being smuggled across State lines. The Federal Government would be under no Constitutional obligation to assist in its suppression.

"The proposal that no liquor shall be consumed on the premises where sold is worthless as a police regulation. It is not the place but the liquor sold and consumed that produces the public and social evils.

"Experience with off-premises consumption has shown that it tends either to drive the liquor-drinking into the home in the presence of women and children, the worst possible place, or to drinking-parlors opened adjacent to the dispensaries. The purchaser could buy his drink in the dispensary and go to the convenient drinking-place near by."

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Behind the Bonus Battlefront

ONE HUNDRED BILLION DOLLARS!

That's almost impossible to imagine.

Yet that is what we would have to pay veterans of the World War and their dependents before they got through with us, according to Franklyn Waltman, Jr., writing from the Washington bureau of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Trying to present in more concrete form just what the immediate payment of the bonus would mean to our pocketbooks, the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* asserts that the claims of the "bonus army" and the resolutions passed by the American Legion at Portland, Oregon, mean "asking every man, woman, and child to pay $20 to redeem adjusted compensation certificates now outstanding in the hands of 3,500,000 ex-soldiers."

Reviewing the long struggle for immediate payment, first introduced into the House of Representatives by thirty-eight-year-old Wright Patman of Texas, a "black curly-haired" young man, with the voice and manner of a Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. Waltman writes that the payment of the bonus would mean only a first step. Even it would not deliver this nation from the heavy burden:

"So far the veterans of all wars have received about $14,000,000,000 from the Treasury.

"This total is growing at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year.

"Up to the end of 1930 the Civil War veterans had received $7,370,000,000, and the total paid so far to the World War veterans totals about $6,500,000,000.

"At the end of 1930—sixty-five years after the war ended—the Government was paying more than 200,000 pensions resulting from service in the Civil War.

"In the same year there were 217,730 pensioners on the Spanish War list, receiving a total of $83,750,000, altho only 250,000 men were enlisted in that war.

"Until the bonus has been paid it is improbable that Congress will adopt any general pension act for the veterans of the World War and their widows and children.

"But pensions are inevitable, it is believed here, and then payments to veterans may reach $4,000,000,000 a year."

THESE figures seem to get "under the skin" of an overwhelming majority of editors, Republican, Democratic, and independent alike. Stingingly the outspoken editor of the Miami (Fla.) *Herald* (Ind. Dem.) condemns the action of the American Legion, and he is not alone in his bitter denunciation:

"Ignoring the appeal of the President and public, ignoring the welfare of the United States, ignoring the empty treasury, breaking its pledge to serve and not to exploit America.

"Once these men offered to sacrifice their lives for the country. Now they will not forego a few pennies.

"Upon the bended backs of taxpayers they would place the last straw—the burden of more than $2,000,000,000.

"Upon the Stars and Stripes they write the dollar sign.

"Among the chief victims will be the Legion and the veterans as the people revolt against this demand. And suffering America, like Cæsar, looks at her latest assailant, with dagger poised. Cries, 'Et tu Brute.'"

Do not, however, put all the blame on the veterans and their political camp-followers, George Dock, Jr., warns the editor of the New York *Times*. "The fact is that the country at large has babied, coddled, petted, and praised the American forces called to arms . . . in so lavish and hysterical a manner that it is hard for the average veteran not to believe that he is fully entitled to all the favors that a Patman could devise."

The real peril at present, this ex-member of the Legion writes, "will be the millions of sentimental sisters, male and female, who will indorse the cry for prompt payment." In no uncertain terms Mr. Dock condemns "the asinine adulation which America bestowed on her citizen army from the earliest days of the crusade." However, this ex-volunteer asserts:

"It is time to let panhandling bodies of veterans recognize that the strong-arm tactics they have taken at the nation's cost will be met by the same tactics in opposing them."

LEST we be accused of acting as the puppet of greedy "Big Business" or the mouthpiece of the unscrupulous "international bankers"—they are the secret enemies and assassins of immediate bonus payment, according to Representative Patman as he is quoted—let us hop across the battle-lines into the trenches of the Legion and the ex-service organizations.

Their official point of view finds expression in the editorial columns of the weekly *National Tribune* (Washington). This

Not All Quiet on the Western Front

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

paper attacks the National Economy League, and all those who fight the bonus-payment. Typical is this editorial comment:

"It is now generally known that the fight against immediate payment of World War adjusted service certificates is aimed at relief for all ex-service men and their dependents. This has even been admitted by some of the big-business propagandists.

"By 'beating the bonus' big business hopes to enter a wedge against all relief legislation. If payment of the adjusted service certificates at this time would result in all war pensioners being removed from the rolls, the certificates would be redeemed without a moment's hesitation.

"The real goal big business seeks is the repeal of the Spanish War Pension Law and the World War disability allowance law. It is tragic that there are persons in this world who would deprive the country's defenders of their honest rights, but greed is the besetting sin of the human race, and no class is greedier than the big bankers who control the industries and railroads of our country.

"It is no coincidence that the very men who now call veterans racketeers because they seek justice for themselves, their comrades, and widows and orphans, were profiteers when the country was at war and in need of defenders.

"Many of the largest fortunes were started by profiteering in times of war. The descendants of those who founded these fortunes are now living on the unearned increment. Like the lilies of the field, 'they toil not, neither do they spin.' Their vast wealth has been protected against foreign enemies, yet they now attack the men who defended it."

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Manchukuo: The World's New Fever Spot

SIGNED WITH LISTLESS CEREMONY at a plain oak desk in a room floored with yellow linoleum, a new scrap of paper gives the world a chill of apprehension.

For it is a treaty, or protocol, and in it, as the Associated Press tells us, "the State of Manchukuo, youngest of the world's commonwealths, and born of the successful military campaign of the Japanese Army in Manchuria last fall, is recognized officially by Japan."

Thus we are confronted with "another crisis in the Far East," as Japan rivets her grip upon 400,000 square miles of Chinese territory.

War—real war, with armored trains and airplanes—is raging in many parts of the new State. Almost every day the dispatches tell of a battle between Japanese troops and the stubborn Chinese rebels. The Japanese threaten to raze towns in the Province of Jehol, within eighteen miles of the Manchurian border, and not far from Peiping, unless rebel activities cease.

Meanwhile, the Chinese relentlessly push their boycott of Japanese goods, determined to strangle with an economic clutch a foe they can not conquer in battle. And a Soviet Army, estimated at a quarter of a million, is hovering on the northern border.

Repercussions of Japan's recognition of Manchukuo, which came as no surprize, are immediate. Here are some of them:

China accuses Japan of violating the spirit of the League of Nations Covenant and breaking the Nine-Power Treaty, and asks the League to take immediate steps, and protests to the United States and other signatories of the Nine-Power pact.

Lin Sen, Chairman of the Chinese Government, warns that a punitive expedition may be sent against Manchukuo.

Demonstrations are held throughout China in protest against Japan's action.

Japan officially denies that the new treaty is "derogatory of any treaty to which Japan is a party."

Thirty thousand in a Tokyo parade hail Japanese recognition of Manchukuo.

Japan has "defied the world," "poured contempt" upon the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, and "flouted" Secretary of State Stimson's warnings, according to the American press.

WHAT is Washington going to do about it? What will the League do?

Nothing for the present, perhaps. Washington is described as withholding any statement until publication of the report by the League commission which investigated the Manchurian trouble.

It was on September 15 that Japan crossed this new Rubicon, when Cheng Hsiao-hsu, Premier of Manchukuo, and General Nobuyoshi Muto, special envoy of the Japanese Mikado, signed the treaty at Changchun. As the Associated Press correspondent tells us:

"The treaty calls for a defensive alliance between the two States and marks the first recognition of the new nation by a foreign Power. The recognition was hastened by Japan, so it would be announced before the League of Nations publishes its decision on the Japanese military campaign in Manchuria, following the report of the League's inquiry commission, which is now on file in Geneva.

"The signing occupied less than ten minutes. General Muto signed first, then Premier Cheng. Henry Pu-yi [former boy Emperor of China and now Regent of the new State], who wore an inscrutable Mona Lisa smile, looked on.

"The scene resembled a war conference more than a peace conclave. Japanese military officials packed the room during the ceremony—generals, colonels, and majors, all resplendent in red, yellow, and gold uniforms.

"An Oriental tone was provided by the presence of a number of aged Mongol and Manchu princes, wearing queues."

Recognition!

—Bronstrup in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

In a statement explaining Japan's position, her Foreign Minister, Count Yasuya Uchida, points out that Manchukuo proclaimed its independence last spring. He denies that Japan has violated any treaty, and promises that Manchukuo will follow the "open-door" policy. As quoted in dispatches from Tokyo, he also says:

"In consideration of the attitude of Manchukuo to domestic and foreign problems, and of Japan's interests in Manchuria as a region of vital importance to her national defense and the existence of her people, the Imperial Government have set out to secure tranquillity in this region as soon as possible and to guarantee for all time to come the foundations of security of the Empire and the peace of the Far East."

To all that China gives the lie. In its note to Washington, China declares that Japan has seized 400,000 square miles of Chinese territory with a population of 30,000,000. One strong paragraph of the note reads:

"Japan has attempted to deceive the world by advancing the ridiculous argument that the so-called Manchukuo was brought into existence by Chinese citizens who desired to secede from the Republic of China.

"Undeniable facts show that the bogus government in Manchuria is the produce and tool of Japanese military aggression, pure and simple."

And with that American opinion generally agrees.

At Geneva, Japan's action, says the United Press, "crystallized opinion against the Tokyo Government," altho official comment was withheld pending receipt of the Manchurian commission's report.

"Another peace treaty has been scrapped," declares the New York *World-Telegram:*

"By recognizing the alleged independence of the Manchurian territory she stole from China and now controls, Japan has virtually destroyed the Nine-Power Treaty guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of China. Japan, after a year, now officially confirms the destruction of that treaty by her militarists.

"That treaty will remain worthless unless and until the United States and the other signatory Powers reaffirm it by outlawing Japan as a violator.

"The United States has done its part to date. But it can not go on alone."

But "let us hope that our Government, while appraising Japan's rash adventure fully, will have too much good sense to try forcing upon her consequences of her madness," says the Boston *Daily Globe.* "That one country has decided to run wild is no good excuse for another country, 5,000 miles distant, following suit. Japan believes she has completed her Manchurian conquest. Time, and China, will instruct her better."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE late Mayor Walker usually was, anyway.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

NUMISMATISTS, we read, are eager to get new Washington quarters. So are the Democrats.—*Boston Herald.*

NEW YORK'S Mayor knows three languages, so he can reach all the voters by learning only twenty-three more.—*Chattanooga Times.*

THE New York police are investigating a group of nudists, but we don't see how they are ever going to pin anything on them. —*Boston Herald.*

THE recent market slump has served notice again that the only person sure of a clean-up in Wall Street is the scrubwoman.—*Palm Beach Post.*

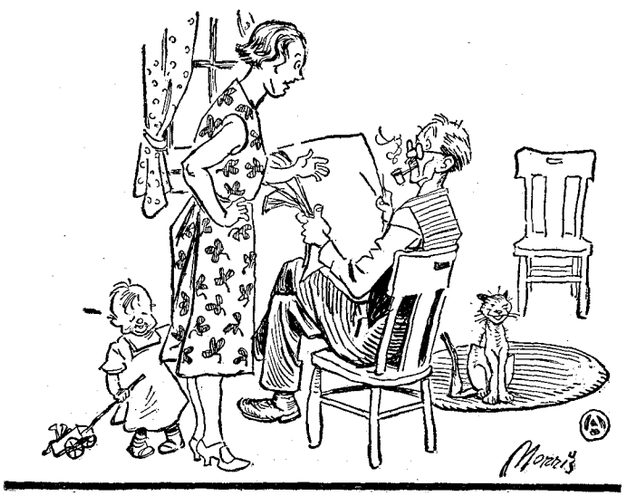
THE G. O. P. might be well advised to mechanize its elephant before another great engineer is put in charge of him. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

AFTER close scrutiny, Japan decided to adopt the Manchukuo infant. The rest of the world also recognizes—its parentage.—*Washington Post.*

IRELAND may get her independence from England but, mark our prediction, she'll never have as much fun fighting with anybody else.—*Judge.*

"COOLIDGE to Investigate Railroad Problem."—Head-line. We look for a succinct report—"The people do not choose to ride."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Order of the Garter has been restored to Kaiser Bill. What has he been doing all these years—wearing 'em collegiate?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



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When the Five-Day Week Goes Into Effect

"I'm so glad this five-day week is on, Jake—you don't work to-day so you can mend the kitchen roof and wash the walls, clean up the attic and do a few other little things."

—Morris for The George Matthew Adams Service.

"ROOSEVELT Not Frank," says a head-line in a Nebraska paper. Is that part of the propaganda to make some people believe it's Teddy?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

OBSERVERS claim this is a year when the voters can be expected to do almost anything. Anything, that is, except fool THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*San Diego Union.*

THERE is much hopeful talk about the up-swing, and in this vicinity work has been found for many idle hands. Notably, those of the receiver.—*The New Yorker.*

FRANCE has also raised too much wheat. We might offer her our farm board, with the tacit understanding that this loan need never be repaid.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

THINGS are beginning to look better, but just the same it isn't safe to sit around twiddling your thumbs on the assumption that it's you business is looking up.—*Boston Herald.*

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT says that high public office is bad for the official's children. Well, the G. O. P. is going to do all it can for the Roosevelt children.—*San Diego Union.*

ENGLAND is reported to be sinking to sea-level at the rate of nine inches every century. It isn't without good cause that so many people practise swimming the Channel.—*Detroit News.*

A LECTURER says that mothers find it difficult to get modern children to believe fairy-stories. Fathers are often faced with a similar difficulty in the case of modern mothers.—*The Humorist (London).*

AN eminent educator says all his sympathy goes out to the youth of to-day who is up against a stone wall, but a lot of ours goes out to poor old dad, who will have to settle the garage repair bill.—*Boston Herald.*

AN inventor is trying to get a response from Mars. He should signal them he has money to lend.—*Atlanta Journal.*

POSSIBLY, as the European press asserts, America is slipping. But it isn't slipping any more to Europe.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

THINGS have been so organized that for five cents one can now buy a magazine telling how Mr. Coolidge will vote.—*Detroit News.*

FRENCH scientist says the hatless fad promotes mental disorders. Promotes 'em? We thought it was one of 'em.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

GERMANY wants a bigger Army, Navy, and air fleet. There is always money in Germany for the necessities of life.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

WHEN Governor Roosevelt declared his intention to help the forgotten man, did he know that Jimmie Walker would be the man?—*Washington Post.*

ACCORDING to a child specialist, school children really do not need a yearly vacation. Maybe not, but their teachers do.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AN astronomer says that as stars grow older they decrease in weight. Quite obviously this astronomer knows little of Hollywood.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THINK of all the fun the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is going to have when it comes time to get all these loans paid back to it.—*San Diego Union.*

AN eminent financial statistician declares we are likely to have another depression in 1955. That's good news in a way. For a while we feared it was going to be the same one.—*Boston Herald.*

THEN again, it may be that Jimmy Walker went to Europe in order to get one of those New York receptions when he comes back.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

OWING to bitter poverty, there are to be fewer nation-wide hook-ups this campaign. The two parties will have to think up cheaper ways to save the country from each other.—*The New Yorker.*

CURRENT floods may change the course of the Rio Grande in several spots. The possibility of finding his Mexican saloon in dry America is a hazard the border barkeep must shoulder.—*Detroit News.*

REPUBLICAN leaders are saying the result in Maine will serve to stimulate their own workers, but one or two more stimulants like that and somebody's going to have a peach of a hangover.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"MAYOR CERMAK feels he has dispelled a feeling held in Europe that Chicago is crime-ridden."—News Item. "Machine-guns Roar in Loop: Four Shot, Thousands Periled."—Head-line in same issue.—*Detroit News.*

TALLANT TUBBS, Republican candidate for U. S. Senator in California, promises that if he is elected he will work for immediate beer. His campaign slogan, we presume, is "Tubbs for Suds."—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

THE airplane flight of the Hutchinson family to Greenland may be regarded as a great success. Nobody was killed, the cause of intelligent aviation wasn't set back very much, and the labor and expense of rescuing the party were not enormous.—*Boston Globe.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Germany Angered by Denial of Her Right to Arm

THE GERMANS ARE SHOCKED and enraged, the French are pleased, the Italians a bit puzzled, and Washington is acquiescent.

That's how the Powers take Britain's plain talk to Germany in an official note telling the land of Hindenburg and Hitler that John Bull stands with Marianne in rejecting Germany's right to arm.

The milk in the coconut seems to be that the Allies don't think Germany is to be trusted with firearms yet, and the Germans are frightfully sore about it.

European

Talking War With a Smile

The blustering utterances of General von Schleicher, Germany's Minister of Defense and "strong man" of the von Papen Government, are said to be largely responsible for the tone of reprimand in Britain's note to Germany.

And this shocking revelation to Germany came just as a wave of national enthusiasm was sweeping over the country because, as Frederick T. Birchall cables from Berlin to the New York *Times*, the von Papen-Schleicher barrage for German rearmament had been set in motion. The Government had decided to lay the keel of the third "pocket battle-ship," the recent parade of the Stahlhelm showing 190,000 troops had made a splendid display, and the Reich Institute for the Physical Training of Youth had been founded.

THE British statement destroyed once and for all, some Berlin correspondents report, any hopes and dreams that the von Papen-Schleicher Government may have had of bringing Great Britain into an Anglo-Italo-German front against isolated France.

On the contrary, as both the Socialist *Vorwaerts* and the National-Socialist *Angriff* charge, it is Germany that finds herself now in a position of isolation largely as the result of the blustering speeches of General von Schleicher, Germany's tall, bald, jovial-faced soldier-politician, Minister of Defense, who is often said to be the strong man behind the von Papen Government.

Britain first raps Germany over the knuckles as the bad boy who kicks up a political shindy just when the whole world needs peace and quiet. Of course that sort of attitude makes the Germans foam with rage. Then the British note examines the German claim and says in effect that there's nothing to it. Germany had quoted the Versailles Treaty as saying that the limitations on German armament were intended to "render possible initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations." The other countries have not cut their armies, said Germany, therefore the German limitations should be lifted. "Not at all," replies Britain, in effect, "your logic won't hold water." The main paragraphs of the British note are quoted at the end of this article.

Among cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German press, we find the *Frankfurter Zeitung* frankly contradicting the contention of the British by saying:

"Unfortunately the suggestions which England offers are suited only to establish new hindrances to the conference, since they attempt to remove all juristic foundations from Germany's requests."

THE *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, close to von Papen's Government, reprimands Britain for "a schoolmasterish, ironical tone, which is intolerable." This influential newspaper renews its appeal for "national concentration for the purpose of supporting the von Papen and von Schleicher offensive for Germany's recapture of military sovereignty," and it adds:

"We figured from the first that the usual intimidation would be attempted. Those who allowed themselves to be deceived by the vague English generalities and the cloakroom promises of Geneva apparently forgot that the English use sweet phrases in order to hinder us in demanding our rights and to prevent a disturbance at their disarmament conference."

The Nationalist *Deutsche Zeitung* calls Britain's memorandum an "unscrupulous acquisition of the sham arguments against the German demand which Paris recently distributed gratis." Similarly indignant is Hugenberg's Nationalist *Lokal Anzeiger*, which remarks with a sneer:

"The English memorandum offers Germany a theoretical equality of which she may not avail herself, and with which it is intended to lure her back to Geneva. The German Government would surrender itself and Germany's future if it bit this bait."

And then comes a financial organ in high rage, the *Boersen Courier*, which characterizes the charge that the German demand will hinder the world's economic recovery, as "the third German guilt lie." It explains:

"The first lie was that Germany attacked the world. The second was that Germany defrauded the world financially. Shall the third lie now be added: that Germany blocked disarmament and hindered economic recovery?"

IN criticism of their own home front, the Socialist *Vorwaerts* asserts that the present German foreign policy is leading to isolation. It espies an Anglo-French united front on the political horizon, and reproaches Great Britain for "intentionally overlooking French militarism while rejecting the newly aroused demands of its German brother."

In like critical mood, the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarks cynically:

"The illusionists who spoke of a German-British-Italian combination against France talked themselves into believing that French militarism is marooned."

Turning now to the French press, cabled editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST show the semiofficial *Temps* remarking:

"When the German people realize the seriousness of the situation in which the British note places them, the Germans may wonder how the von Papen Cabinet could be so lightly and imprudently maneuvered into a diplomatic impasse."

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On the other hand, the Paris *Journal des Débats* seems mistrustful when it observes:

"The British thesis has some nuances similar to those of the 'Duce.' England pretends to play the rôle of mediator between Paris and Berlin. It is a verbal satisfaction to us, but a factual satisfaction to Germany."

But the Paris *Information* is really pleased because "the document closely approaches the desires of the friends of France and of peace," and "it corresponds to the hopes of Herriot, and doubtless to those of the United States."

But among the English press, on the other hand, there are notes of dissatisfaction with the memorandum. Says the London *News-Chronicle:*

"The actual content, so far as it goes, is true enough. The trouble is, it ignores the facts, namely that Germany may rearm if the Powers do not disarm.

"Germany should be given some guaranty that the Powers mean business. It is possible that some such assurance has been given privately."

THE London *Times* also criticizes the British statement for what it considers a lack in not making it clearer to Germany that something actually is to be done. *The Times* avers:

"It must be frankly confessed that the present German Government, which is less sensitive to foreign opinion than any since the war, might have been more imprest by a document giving a clearer indication of action than this memorandum.

"There is reason to believe that Germany at present would accept limits of size and numbers which will keep her armaments below any corresponding limits which the Powers may impose upon themselves."

Britain's forthright statement to Germany came as a sequel to the German declaration that it would not attend the sessions of the Disarmament Conference bureau so long as her demand for arms parity is not recognized, and the sting in it appears in the following paragraph:

"In view of Germany's economic difficulties, the initiation of an acute controversy in the political field at this moment must be accounted unwise; and, in view of the concessions so recently granted to Germany by her creditors, it must be accounted particularly untimely. His Majesty's Government earnestly trust that nothing may be now allowed to intervene which would retard the process of economic recovery which is so urgently necessary and which it will be the task of the approaching world economic conference to promote by all the means in its power."

For all that, the British Government goes on to offer some comments and make some suggestions as to how the German claim might be dealt with:

"First, it is necessary to be clear as to what the claim involves and as to the actual treaty position. His Majesty's Government can give no countenance or encouragement to disregard of treaty obligations. Altho His Majesty's Government do not understand the German memorandum to have stated the contrary view, they desire to associate themselves with the opinion that it could not be maintained as the correct legal construction of the Treaty of Versailles and connected correspondence that Germany is legally entitled to abrogate Part 5 of the Treaty of Versailles by any disarmament convention to be concluded or by the failure to conclude any convention at all.

"If the preamble to Part 5 of the Treaty of Versailles is looked at, it will be seen that the Allied Powers, in requiring these limitations on Germany's armaments, had in mind the object or reason there indicated. That object or reason was to 'render possible initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations.' To state what the object or aim of a stipulation is, is a very different thing from making successful fulfilment of that object the condition of the stipulation."

Japan's Starving Children

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND children of school age in Japan are underfed.

That figure is fixt by the Ministry of Education, but an investigation made by the Okinawa Prefectural Government shows that the number of school children suffering from undernourishment in the prefecture alone reaches 100,000.

So the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* infers it is quite possible that the total number of underfed school children throughout Japan is far in excess of 200,000.

This newspaper cites a government report to the effect that the more fortunate of the school children in the island eat dumplings and Indian corn for lunch, and that many children can not attend school because their parents are too poor to provide food for them. Now this Tokyo daily points out:

"The poor physical condition of school children is a serious problem. It is not one for the Ministry of Education alone to tackle.

"It is a national problem.

"What will be the future of Japan if this state of affairs is allowed to continue for any length of time? What it is to go without a meal, every adult knows.

"If proper food is necessary for adults, it is more so for children. Poor food will hamper the growth, both physical and spiritual, of children. For education to be effective, school children should be in proper physical condition.

"Education does nothing for underfed children. There is talk of improving educational methods. Improved methods will not help while the children are suffering from undernourishment."

So the first thing for the educational authorities to do, says the *Nichi-Nichi*, is to see that all school children are properly fed. For, it points out, to try to educate underfed children is like "putting invalids to physical strain." We read then:

"The Ministry of Education, which has been paying attention to the question of the undernourishment of school children, is reported to have decided to introduce at the forthcoming special session of the Diet a bill providing for their relief. The project involves an outlay of 2,000,000 yen. [The yen is now worth about 25 cents.] We do not object to the plan. Any project for helping the ill-fed children is worthy of support. But it is easy to see that the plan will not go a long way to meet the situation.

"The physical condition of children attending school will determine the future of our country. The question of improving the health of children has a vital bearing upon the question of defense."

European

The Call to Arms?

German buglers at the East Prussian Army maneuvers.

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A German Close-Up of Herriot

THE STOCKY, SHORT-NECKED Edouard Herriot, Premier of France and leader of the Radical Socialist party, is said by a friendly disposed German journalist to have shoulders that "define themselves in the Chamber of Deputies like mountain boulders."

His hair makes one think of a drill sergeant, we are told, "so thick it always seems, so straight and so uncompromisingly conspicuous."

But all the rough-diamond quality of the Premier, we are told, is softened by his hands, which "are the hands of a musician, the hands of a man accustomed to holding books, of a man who knows how to ply knife and fork, and whose fingers can press the stem of a wineglass without breaking it."

This description of the leader of the Radical Socialists, who had his first taste of politics in 1905 as Mayor of Lyons, and who made such a record that his fellow citizens have kept him continuously in office for twenty-seven years, is given in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by Friedrich Sieburg, who tells us that he first took notice of Mr. Herriot when he was merely a deputy, and one who made his appearance only when the Chamber began to grow lively. We read on:

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Just "How Do You Do?"

Premier Herriot (right) and Prime Minister MacDonald in an informal moment at the Quai D'Orsay.

"Apparently he wanted to lose no time. He brought whole stacks of books with him which were held tightly under one of his short arms. These books he read during the sessions of the Chamber. Nevertheless, he followed closely the proceedings of the deputies.

"A moment invariably arrived when he slowly closed the volume he had been reading, took his eye-glasses from his nose, carefully laid them by in a breast pocket, got up on his feet and proceeded to take part in the debate.

"This, if my memory plays me no trick, was during the excitement of the fall of Poincaré's so-called National Government.

"His first ministry in 1924 was held responsible for the suspicion aroused in the Alsace-Lorraine population—and Edouard Herriot would then get up on his feet and speak at first in pleading and, finally, with thundering tones.

"He liked to begin with a description of the cathedral at Strasbourg and the rosy gleams of its immemorial stones, and he would conclude with a glorification of the French Republic, its indivisibility and its world significance."

IN presenting a typical program of Premier Herriot's round of duties this informant relates that on one occasion he reached Lyons at ten in the evening, and worked there until two in the morning. This was when he was merely deputy and Mayor. From two to three he corrected the proof-sheets of a book he had written, and it is related:

"He began another day with a speech at the opening of a factory, after which he wrote an article for a magazine. At three in the afternoon, he addrest a group of World War veterans, and at half-past eight that night, he delivered a lecture on Chopin.

"During the whole of the following day he remained at the City Hall where, from nine to four, he studied measures to go before the City Council. He received visitors from four to eight, and after sat with the City Council until midnight.

"At one o'clock the following morning, he boarded the train for Paris, where at three o'clock in the afternoon he led the debate in the Chamber on the subject of Foreign Affairs."

Decaying Bandits in the Balkans

BANDIT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR TRAVELERS in motor-coaches in the Balkans, it is predicted, will soon be arranged on the model of the bogus Apache shows prepared for tourists in Paris.

The reason for this, it seems, is that the Balkan bandit, Komitadji or otherwise, is declining in style and picturesqueness.

But the advice of the Balkan correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* to any one traveling in the wilds of the Balkans or Carpathians in 1932 is to take to cover swiftly or put up his hands if he notices a rifle-barrel leveled at him from behind a rock.

At the same time, this informant points out that the Komitadji, altho he may be on the road to disappearance, will be found in the Balkans for many years to come. But he is losing all those "noble savage" characteristics which gave him a sort of dignity, and has to choose between becoming a brutal, ruthless criminal —or respectable. But this correspondent avers:

"Once he has become a bandit it is very hard for him to satisfy the gendarmerie, who are really soldiers, something like the Canadian Mounted Police, that he has turned over a new leaf and means to be good.

"So he gets more and more criminal, until he is shot. For the odds are against him. He recognizes no frontiers, especially in the region called Macedonia, which is divided between Bulgaria, Greece, and Jugo-Slavia, and knows all the by-paths and caverns, in the endless wilderness of mostly barren heights, as even the gendarmes can not know them. He keeps his skin whole for a year or two, perhaps, but once he is 'on the run,' and the gendarmerie are on his trail, he is doomed.

"Some bandits die in brawls with comrades. If one does not, a gendarme's bullet is sure to get him. The northern part of Transylvania, now Roumanian, has become a new field for brigands who have migrated northward to the Carpathians, and even in Slovakia there is some very industrious brigandage, but the style is different. Cannibalism has occurred recently. Starving gipsies have been tried for murdering passers-by and feasting on them."

THE Macedonian patriots, as they consider themselves, we read further, claim that they do not rob and steal. They only kill and accept "presents" according to the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, but he doubts whether there is or ever was a Robin Hood type of bandit in the Balkans.

They do not rob the poor, he points out, because the peasants gladly give almost everything they possess to get rid of such unwelcome guests, "unless of course they happen to be near relatives, when it becomes a purely family matter." He relates further:

"Bombs of a sort are frequently placed on railway-tracks in the Balkans, and sometimes trains are thus derailed; brigands are known to have got away to the mountains with sacks full of money from the mail-vans. But this rarely happens now, and every train with a mail-van carries two soldiers with loaded rifles.

"If romance means an open-air life, much danger and excitement, and plenty of love-making, the Balkan bandit enjoys romance. But any one who wants to meet him at close quarters in a friendly spirit of inquiry should lose no time, for the profession is on the down-grade."

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Another Trip to Paradise

THE SOUTH SEAS MAY BE FAR AWAY, down under the world, but they have acquired the habit of coming up to us.

Ever since that early Novarro film, "Where the Pavement Ends," we have seen recurring versions of South Sea life.

Screen-play, travelog, even J. B. Priestley's latest novel, "Faraway," bring us the waving palms and the laughing Polynesians.

The climax of romance and beauty was thought to have been reached in "Tabu," the last work of the lamented Mernau; but King Vidor, called "the Ace of Hollywood," has resurrected Richard Walton Tully's old play, made glamorous by Laurette Taylor, and now "The Bird of Paradise," screened by R. K. O. Radio, has brought together more South Sea perhaps than all its predecessors together and, for good measure, added the disguised Polynesian glamour of Dolores del Rio and the Nordic long-leggedness of Joel McCrea, who grew up around Hollywood.

It takes Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, to remove from our minds all doubts, if we had any, of the glamour of del Rio:

"It is, as you must have seen in the advertisements, Miss Dolores del Rio, the exquisite Latin, the bringer of more beauty from Mexico than Diego Rivera, who plays the tragic *Luana* of the story—a rôle which Miss Laurette Taylor once glorified. Miss del Rio always has seemed to me the most beautiful actress in the cinema—which, as you know, has often been rather handicapped by the prevalence of good-looking women—and I have always thought that she was a reasonably good actress.

"In 'Bird of Paradise' she is perhaps no more skilful nor experienced than usual, but her dusky, alien beauty fits in so effectively with her rôle that she is more admirable than ever, and succeeds in providing more loveliness for the film than director and cameramen managed, despite their million-dollar budget.

"In a manner which does not overlook possible comparisons with the late Herr Mernau's beautiful 'Tabu,' the new version of 'Bird of Paradise' does succeed in arranging for a handsome pictorial mood, of the type which makes one believe for the moment in the possibility of impossible Polynesian paradises.

"With Miss del Rio set down in the midst of such a setting, and showing it up in comparison with her radiance, the background is, despite a certain artificiality of composition, effective."

"The Exquisite Latin"

Dolores del Rio, who brought "more beauty from Mexico than Diego Rivera."

THE story of the play is recalled for us by Irene Thirer, in *The Daily News* (New York):

"It's the age-old plot—East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. *Luana*, beautiful daughter of a South Seas chief, is tabu; must not associate with white man. But when she meets *Johnny Baker*, who's visiting the islands in a yachting party, she rescues him from the mercy of a shark, and promptly falls in love with him. This enamored feeling grows when *Johnny* teaches the girl the art of kissing. Then it is no more a flirtation on the man's part. He carries the girl off to a secluded island; incurring the wrath of her father and of the great volcano, Mt. Pele. Spectacular and thrilling ceremonies are included in the ensuing reels. And eventually—even tho it is possible for *Luana* to return to civilization with *Johnny*—she decides to meet her fate—a sacrifice to the anger of Mt. Pele."

IF you choose to call this screen-play "hokum," "that's all right with King Vidor," so Thorton Delehanty assures us in the New York *Evening Post:*

"He calls it hokum, too, and proceeding on that premise he indulges himself in one of those extravagant whims by which he deliberately sets out to show you that hokum can be transmuted into terms of good fun.

"Weighing the current vogue for exoticism, he dramatizes the simple tale of a white man's love for a native woman, and invests it with the colorful plumage of the South Seas. There are native sports, native rituals, native superstitions, and native scenery, and against these he takes a bounding American youth in white duck pants and shows you how his love for a native beauty impetuously and characteristically overcomes all the obstacles that lie in the path of their romance.

"It may seem unfair to give so much credit to Vidor when you consider that, after all, the play is Mr. Tully's. Nevertheless, in cold analysis, it is not so much the story that counts as the way it is handled. 'The Bird of Paradise,' in its screen version, is built along heroic lines, and one feels that even in its moments of highest passion the director is doing his best to keep a straight face.

"The fact that such Hollywood initiates as Joel McCrea and Dolores del Rio are called upon to interpret the principal rôles, and that they are juxtaposed with honest-to-goodness natives, is in itself an indication that the thing is not to be taken too seriously. Miss del Rio and Mr. McCrea are simply Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in another setting, and the parallel with 'Tarzan' can not be ignored.

"This tongue-in-the-cheek attitude is what makes 'The Bird of Paradise' something to be recommended in the way of entertainment. Woven into the story of the American's love for the girl, whom local tabus forbid him to marry, is a rich tapestry of pictorial beauty, the kind that King Vidor can seize on and make eminently important.

"He embellishes the story with humor and glamour, and these are piled on so adroitly that they serve in the end to constitute the chief delights of the picture.

"All of the professional actors of the cast, including Skeets Gallagher, John Halliday, and Bert Roach, fall admirably into the spirit of the direction, and their contributions are in key with the performances of Joel McCrea and Dolores del Rio."

"'Bird of Paradise,'" writes Al. Sherman in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York), "marks another step forward in the advance of motion-picture technique, and it takes that forward step by paradoxically reverting to silent-film technique in reaching its most dramatic heights," adding:

"'Bird of Paradise' adds emphasis to my oft-reiterated statements that the cinema will reach artistic appreciation only when directors achieve that distinction through a proper blending of the visual, the musical, and the dramatic. King Vidor has taken pictorial beauty, rhythmic appreciation, and a sense of the dramatic, combining these elements into a motion-picture of rare and exciting quality."

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Pirandello in Search of Himself

FRANK HARRIS PURSUED Shakespeare through his plays and brought out a complete spiritual biography.

Pirandello is not waiting for a detective to unmask him.

He is said to have written a play, due for presentation this autumn, that is to be his "own heart-cry of despair—because Pirandello reveals in his plot, with grim irony, the impossibility of escaping from what the public expects."

Nordic Up a Tree in Paradise

"Johnny Baker" (Joel McCrea) sent by his Polynesian sweetheart to pick coconuts for dinner.

It is the Rome correspondent of *The Morning Post* (London) who brings us this news of the Italian dramatist:

"He traces as with autobiographical faithfulness the struggle of a soul to realize its own identity, and he shows the tragic result of the judgment of an outside world which overrides the real ego of the author who dares to step out of the mold into which success has cast him.

"The first act shows an author at the full maturity of his powers, honored, and already placed by public opinion in a literary niche despite the author's own silent conviction that the evolution of his aspirations has not yet been completed.

"In the second act the love of a young woman by renewing in him a sense of youth inspires his rebellion against his accepted literary reputation, and he writes an anonymous work that causes him to be hailed as a long-sought leader of the new youthful school of thought and technique.

"So loud is the denunciation of youth and the public against him when it is discovered that he is really the old leader of the old school that he takes refuge in saying that his new work was written just as a joke, an attitude which loses him the love of the young woman, who considers herself slighted and betrayed.

"The third act shows the tragedy of the 'pacification' of an author who is not allowed to be himself. In a symbolic scene in his study he is shown to become nothing but a memorial of his own former literary self. He hardens in his intellectual mold and, dying, he is transformed in his chair into a stone statue of himself.

"In a grotesquely humorous epilog, Pirandello then shows the Mayor of a small town, thirty years afterward, raking about among the monuments of an antiquarian shop looking for a statue to grace the town square. He finds that of the petrified author with name inscribed, altho no one knows anything about him or his works as an author.

"It is cheap, so the Mayor buys it, has the name canceled and substituted by that of a deceased local worthy. This, says Pirandello with tragic sarcasm, is real fame. Resigning himself in despair to his reputation as the playwright exponent of man's dual nature, Pirandello has carved in this masterpiece, symbolically, his own monument in stone."

Who Will Be Worthy in a Hundred Years?

SIX OF ENGLAND'S LITERARY WORTHIES may reach the Valhalla of 2032, but, by our lady, they should have remembered "to build churches." Churches would be more likely to make their fame last a hundred years.

This pessimistic outlook proceeds from James Douglas of *The Daily Express* (London).

He imagines himself leaving a letter to be read by his great-granddaughter, if he has one living then, and telling her how hard it will be for Kipling, Bennett, Wells, Shaw, Hardy, and Galsworthy to be found in the Valhalla of that future time.

It will be seen that the great crowd that throng our Valhalla of to-day and hope for immortality, are ruthlessly counted out. The letter runs:

"Our Valhalla is overcrowded. We worship too many gods and demigods. Their death-rate is high.

"I wonder how many of them will reach your Valhalla. I hope your taste will be more fastidious than ours, but popular education, after sixty-two years, has debased and depraved ours, with the result that the worst novels are the best sellers.

"Another seventy years of popular education may sink your taste lower than ours. You may invent something more viciously stupid than our erotic tales, or even something more idiotic than our criminological fiction.

"Your schoolgirls and schoolboys may be more nauseously illiterate than ours.

"But I doubt whether our craze for detective stories and murder mysteries will last another ten years. Cocain fiction may not dope and drug the readers of 2032. If civilization pursues its downward course, you may be poisoned with new drugs.

"But it is possible that you may be reeducated, and that you may be able to construct a Valhalla of your own in which half a dozen of our giants may find a modest niche.

"Six immortals! Have we got them? Do not be exigent, for our period is a pretty dark age, and in poetry as well as prose it is Philistian, Bœotian, and barbarous. We are dominated by pedants and bookworms. The sap of life has gone out of our literature. We make the best we can of our morgue."

WITH this he turns to consider the claims of those whom kindly fate may find worthy in a hundred years:

"I beg you to consider the claims of six of our prose writers: Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and John Galsworthy.

"Hardy and Bennett are dead, but they, like the other four, straddle the end of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century.

"Hardy and Kipling may get into Valhalla as poets, but for the moment I am ignoring poetry. As prose writers they may wriggle into your highest range of taste, if they throw out their topical ballast. They possess, at least at times, the antiseptic of style.

"Shaw's prose may get him into Valhalla after his polemics have been discarded. But satire does not keep long in cold storage. He will require to be footnoted like Swift.

"By 2032 the Shavian bullets will all be buried with their targets.

"Bennett will woo you with 'The Old Wives' Tale.' Wells, like Blake, will not conquer you with his prophetical books. His pemmican histories will bore you. But as a story-teller he may delight you.

"About Galsworthy I am dubious. The tooth of time is already

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gnawing 'The Forsyte Saga.' The Saga is sagging. His plays are dating. His background is fading. Where are his characters? They are dim ghosts hovering in a twilight of lost irony.

"I am afraid, my dear Lenina, that Valhalla has harder tests than ours. My six giants may look like pigmies in a hundred years. But in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king."

Then he ruminates sadly:

"And Lenina may read my letter to her children as a warning against idolatry. 'Fancy!' she may chuckle. 'He actually read those six old bores!'"

The Cover

BEGINNING WITH MR. HOOVER we shall give three cover-portraits of Presidential candidates, the order determined alphabetically by name.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Thomas will follow. The portraits are drawn from photographs by the Art Director of THE LITERARY DIGEST, Mr. R. E. Leppert. Mr. Hoover's face and bearing have become familiar by many appearances in the newsreel. He is not a laughing President, and probably no wisecrack has ever passed his lips. Social charm is not reckoned among his qualities. "President Hoover's leadership is not vocal," writes William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette*. "His strength is in conference. He can not make public sentiment, and thereby coerce Congress. He can convince individual men, small coteries of men, groups that can be reached by his voice, that are imprest by his sincerity, that are carried away by the resistless logic of his position."

A WORD-PICTURE of the man is taken from "This Man Hoover: A Human Interest Story," by Earl Rivers (A. L. Burt & Co.):

"A man with a gigantic brain—and fast, but very human.

"If he scribbles as you talk, that may be chiefly because he knows the rest of what you are going to say, and his answer, but courteously refrains from 'cutting in.' He is 'Bert' to those who know him well, has been 'H. C.' to hundreds, and 'Chief' to many thousands; never, apparently, 'Mister' to his fellow workers.

"Hoover wears a slouch hat, smokes a pipe, and works. He avoids overeating and takes little exercise; he doesn't play games; he likes motoring. At the Hoover parties he still is likely to occupy a listening-post. 'Such queer people' come to the Hoover parties, some of the elect contend. Such mixed affairs! Little wonder, since Hoover guests include interesting people, doers, arriving from all parts of the world and en route everywhere.

"'And don't you forget,' an engineer told me, 'that Mrs. Hoover is a big part of Herbert Hoover's success.'"

FROM an English source the above writer quotes this in reference to Mr. Hoover's English connections:

"His personality never 'got across' in this country. He was always too busy to talk 'sweet nothings' to society ladies; and to those who only met him occasionally he seemed preoccupied, dour, reserved. Except among those who came into intimate contact with him, there was never such a thing as a 'Hoover cult.' Those who did not understand him even accused him of having a 'damping' influence in ordinary life. He was said not to be able to smile."

Art Blooms in Summer

THE EFFECT OF THE DEPRESSION ON ART is "paradoxical."

So *The Art News* (New York) sees it, for "New York and its environs have witnessed more exhibition activity during the past summer than in many years."

People who usually go to Europe found things at home this year worth their attention. Moreover—

"For the visitors from out of town (always earnestly in pursuit of New York's cultural assets) there were offerings ranging from white hopes culled from the Washington Square Art Mart to great masterpieces in our leading museums. As statistical confirmation of this increased art interest during the dog days, the Museum of Modern Art informs us that its daily average attendance was more than double that of the two previous summers.

"The tendency of New York to 'go dark' in the art field during June, July, and August has always seemed to us rather a pity, and the results of this year's experiments may well result in a prolongation of our all too brief season.

The Lovers Brought to Bay. A Scene in "The Bird of Paradise"

"Luana" is tabu, being a chief's daughter, and forbidden to marry a white man.

"It was perhaps symptomatic of a general change in this respect that the Metropolitan chose the inauspicious month of July for the opening of its 'Taste of Today' exhibition. This show, involving no inconsiderable amount of labor and research, was of a type usually reserved for the winter months. But the public's enthusiastic reception of this timely project proved conclusively that there are many eager to use the comparative leisure of the summer months for the broadening of their knowledge of art.

"The Whitney Museum, also, which remained open during part of the summer, included among its visitors not only the out-of-towners, but many of those New Yorkers who never catch up with their cultural intentions during the height of the season.

"Another healthy tendency, especially apparent during the months of June and July, was the use of unemployed space in the smaller galleries for the promotion of the work of worthy young artists.

"Crowded out of the winter exhibition programs by more illustrious names, there are many ambitious painters and sculptors who richly deserve to be given their chance before the public. We hope that this year's efforts may result in a general movement to give young talent its chance for a hearing during the summer months."

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A Knockout for the "Perfect Man"

DON'T WORRY IF YOUR CHILD lacks the marks of genius, or is a bit goggle-eyed.

Suppose he does shy at arithmetic and prefers playing at Tarzan to reading "Ivanhoe."

You remember the old saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world.

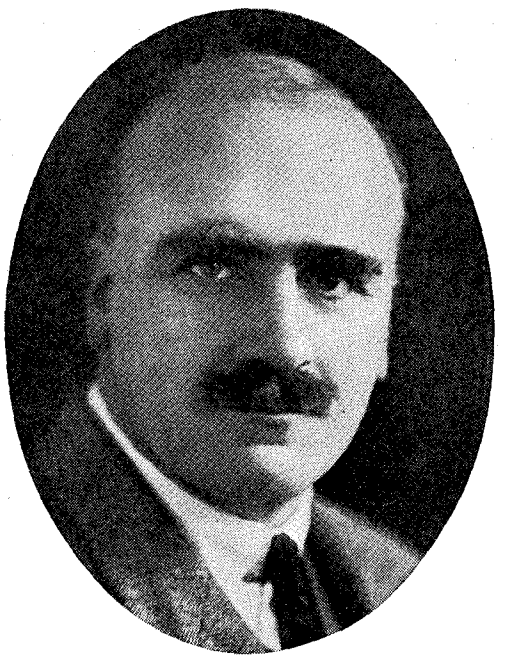
Well, J. B. S. Haldane, famous British scientist, believes that too. In his brave new world there's room for the mystic and the misfit, the genius and the garbage collector, Adonises and plug-uglies. It's a different sort of Utopia, with a place for everybody.

Not that Mr. Haldane doesn't believe in better babies. Who doesn't? But he wouldn't put the babies that look a little off out on the hillsides to die, as the old Spartans did. He might make a mistake and lay out a potential Benjamin Franklin. But he thinks that a world of only perfect human beings would be a humdrum sort of place to live in.

Take horses, for instance. No one would want to breed all of them for the race-track. You've got to have truck-horses, an old mare for the wife to drive—if you live where that is still done—and plugs for the dirty work.

Tho he is a representative of the British aristocracy, nephew of the late Viscount Haldane, and son of Prof. J. Scott Haldane, also a famous scientist, Mr. Haldane is exceedingly democratic, from all accounts. He doesn't mind going into a cafeteria and eating in his shirt-sleeves, as the reporters saw him do on the Cornell campus. Mustached and partly bald, he is only forty years old. His firm mouth is offset by a genial sparkle in his eye. He was a captain in the Black Watch, one of the famous Scottish regiments, in the war, served in France and Irak, and was twice wounded. Mr. Haldane was in Ithaca attending the recent International Congress of Genetics when the reporters got hold of him for an interview. He smiled at them genially from the steps of one of the college buildings, and let go with a lot of ideas about what he thinks society should be.

And he stirred up a lot of talk among some of those who weren't born to the purple.



Acme

There Isn't Any Perfect Man

And a world of perfect men, says J. B. S. Haldane, British scientist, would be a humdrum sort of place to live in. But he's pretty fit himself.

AN ideal society, the "genetic heaven," he holds, as William L. Laurence sets it down in the New York *Times*, must be a place with room for all sorts of people, "each best at some one thing or other."

It is not the intellectual aristocracy of Plato's republic or an intellectual democracy where every one is fashioned after the same pattern, however fine.

It is a community of happy individuals, each serving in his separate capacity, and according to his ability. It is a society of various gradings with a minimum limit set for the low, but with no limit for the high.

A society composed of perfect men would be highly imperfect, he says, for the very essence of perfection in plant and animal, and most certainly in man, is variety. In the ideal society every member must be an individual who at the same time can fit himself perfectly into the pattern of the whole. Mr. Haldane believes that there are "only about one-half of one per cent. of the people who could not be made to fit into any community, no more than that."

This well-born scientist has no patience with geneticists who start out with a preconceived notion of an ideal type of man. "If we have any lesson to learn from animal and plant genetics," he says, "it is that there is not any one best type in the species. On the contrary, we have various environments and various species to fit them."

Asked if it wouldn't be desirable to produce men of the caliber of Leonardo da Vinci, the universal genius, Mr. Haldane remarked that the great Italian would have been sterilized in some States to-day because of certain abnormalities. "If Leonardo attained the heights he did," says Mr. Haldane, "it was because he lived in an age in which individuality could thrive. It is only in a society of great diversity that the Leonardos can be born and developed."

Mr. Haldane's "grouch about the eugenic movement is that there is too much of the point of view that a certain type of community is desired, and that you must develop certain types with good qualities to fit into it. The other point of view is that there are a lot of people with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness who happen to be born a bit different, and that things should be so organized that most of them could find some sort of place in society. It seems to me," he says, "that the eugenists lean too much to the first point of view." The recent assembly of the Third International Congress of Eugenics, in New York, by the way, was discust in these pages September 10.

As Mr. Haldane sees the world of Tom, Dick and Harry:

"There is not any perfect man except in relation to tasks and environments.

"The ideal society would be composed of very diverse sort of people with every one best at some one thing or other.

"What you want is to get diversity and the right people for the right job.

"You can not have a successful marriage unless the wife is better than the husband at some things. For example, I can not cook or play the piano like my wife, but, on the other hand, she is not as good a mathematician as I am. Mutual respect is what you want all through society. I should like to see a continual rising of the minimum, a lower limit, but no upper limit, but this can not be achieved by drastic measures. There are beastly recessives which you can't weed out in a moment.

"I am all for breeding up, and weeding out, but I feel we do not at present know enough of the potentialities of a lot of people who, we say, are failures now and should never have been born. The fact that they are misfits among us does not mean that you could have a society where they wouldn't be happy members."

AS Mr. Haldane was being interviewed, Mr. Laurence tells us, Dr. F. E. A. Crew of the Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh, Scotland, came along.

"Crew," Mr. Haldane said to him, "what is the perfect man?"

"There isn't any," Dr. Crew answered. "Define us a heaven and we will tell you what an angel is."

Mr. Haldane's "sane views," observes the Nashville *Tennessean*, "will appeal to members of our present society and their adoption should result in more happiness in this world." For, maintains *The Tennessean:*

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The only Bargain worth while

IN TODAY'S bewildering clamor of "low prices," it is just good common sense to ask yourself what these prices buy.

If the struggle for lower price levels drags quality down with it, if the result is a cheapened product at a cheapened price, the value is vanished.

The only bargain worth buying is *the best you can get for your price.*

Among tires, that best is Goodyear. Do not set this down as a mere selling claim—it is not our opinion, it is the verdict of the world's greatest tire authority, the public which buys and uses tires.

Because more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind—

Because Goodyear Tires are *first-choice* by a margin of more than two to one—

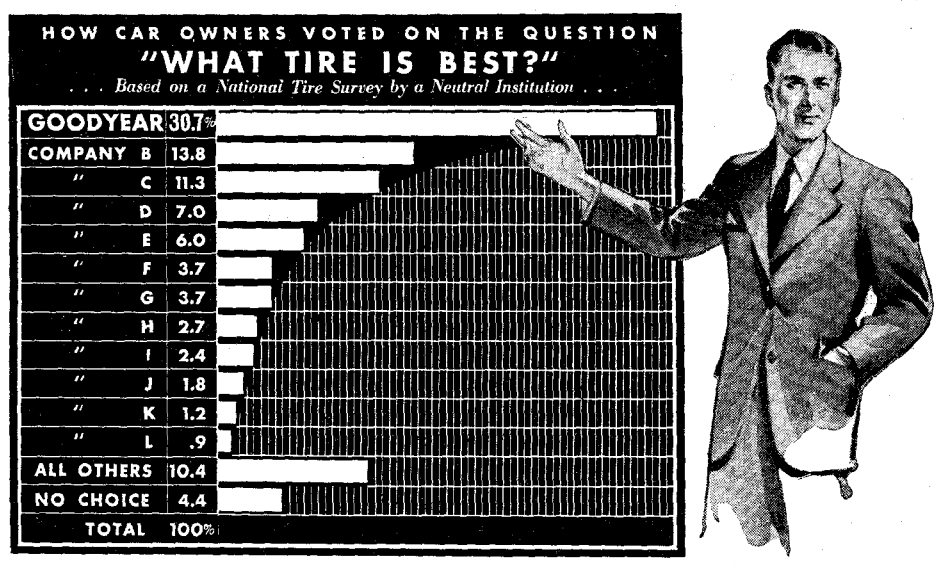
Because Goodyear is thus enabled to build millions more tires per year than any other tire company—

Goodyear Tires in this year of extraordinarily low prices are *the best they have ever been.*

If you want the greatest tire bargains on the market—if you want the largest measure of safety and long wear and comfort and quality which your money can buy, there is one sure way to get it:

Just ask yourself honestly: Why buy any *second-choice* tire when FIRST-CHOICE costs no more?

TUNE IN: Goodyear invites you to hear the Revelers Quartet, Goodyear Concert-Dance Orchestra, and a feature guest artist every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, WEAF and Associated Stations



This nation-wide vote on tire preferences was conducted by the same impartial methods used by the Literary Digest in its prohibition ballot and presidential poll

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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"There is no place for a program which is based upon the ideal of individuals existing for the purpose of fitting into a society.

"All our organizations should be designed to be of service to the individual instead, and those eugenists, educators, and others who attempt to improve individuals, not to fit into society, but to live the fullest possible lives, and to alter our institutions so that they can reach all but the one-half of one per cent. of which he speaks, and in time even them, will be the real servants of mankind.

"Those who bend their energies toward a race of supermen to rule the rest of the people will, in the end, find they are wasting their time on useless theories."

THE danger of standardization, believes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, consists in the liability that it might cut off all-around geniuses like da Vinci. Mr. Haldane, we are told, could equally have cited the case of Benjamin Franklin. He was one of seventeen children, none of whom was endowed with his ability in any single phase of activity, while he was conspicuous in many. "Indeed, one might say," continues *The Inquirer*, "there were sixteen 'mavericks' in the Franklin family. Quite apart from the bearing of the Haldane thesis on heredity, however, his plea for tolerance is a message specially needed in democracies."

Theories regarding the "perfect man" are many, *The Christian Science Monitor* reminds us, and it says:

"Not by physics or chemistry or any other material modes will the perfect man be reached and seen. The answer, given for all time for all mankind, is contained in the thirty-first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, 'And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.'

"It remains for man to discover for himself the eternal truth of that simple statement."

Can Science Make Us Happy?

ST. PAUL'S Cathedral and the Bank of England are tilting over, it is reported to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Here, if they can do anything about it, would seem to be a job for the engineers.

But Prof. Miles Walker, president of the engineering section of the Association, suggests what is perhaps a bigger job of straightening—that engineers be called in to help make the world a better and happier place to live in. He would have the British Government organize an experimental colony to be managed by engineers to learn how far it is possible, with the best methods of production and distribution, to maintain 100,000 persons in comfort, with increasing wealth, "when freed from the restraints and social errors of modern civilization."

The committee on recommendations overwhelmingly rejected the proposal. It has been frequently complained that science has gone ahead too fast as it is, and the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* reminds us that—

"An ancient seer, who knew nothing of modern engineering or of the achievements of science, laid down the rule that in a successful society men would do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God. He was aware that there was something besides material success.

"Every Utopian experiment has failed because it has not strest the spiritual side of life, with its sense of social obligation and the need of unselfishness. They have ignored the weaknesses of human nature.

"If Professor Walker were dealing with machines, his plan might succeed. Man, however, is not a machine. The experiment in Russia to make a machine out of him is slowly breaking down."

Keystone-Underwood

Christ or Marx in China

It will be a toss-up between the two, says Stanley High, who urges that the missionaries be kept in the Far East.

Missionaries Riding the Chinese Dragon

MISSIONARIES HAVE RAISED the very devil in China, it seems, if it is permissible to mention Satan in a religious department.

And if they take the warning of Dr. Inazo Nitobe, President of the Japanese House of Peers, they'll quit poking life into the Chinese dragon and confine themselves to teaching the Gospel. Dr. Nitobe accuses them of playing politics in China and creating much international misunderstanding on Far Eastern questions.

He told interviewers in Toronto, according to the Canadian Press, that American and other missionaries returned to their countries on furlough, and spent their vacations lecturing and spreading pro-Chinese propaganda to the detriment of Japanese relations with other countries.

"My advice to missionaries," he said, as the dispatch quotes him, "is to keep their hands off Chinese internal politics and international questions. They are sent out to teach the Gospel to the Chinese people as men, not as politicians."

Accusations of the sort have been hurled against missionaries before, even at home.

But whether they are guilty or not—and it seems that they have helped arouse self-consciousness in China—it would be rather late in the day to withdraw them now, we are told. The damage is done. The Chinese dragon is spouting flame and lashing his tail. And it would be better to leave the missionaries to keep the dragon from going too far.

With nationalism at fever heat, armies on the move and new "incidents" reported almost daily, it would be folly now to withdraw Christian missions from the Asiatic front, as some have counseled, says Stanley High.

IT is to Christian missionaries that a large part of the credit for the rise of nationalism in the Far East is due, and it is only Christianity, says Mr. High in his "The New Crisis in the Far East" (Fleming H. Revell Company), that can control the forces loosened into flood. In fact, asserts Mr. High, China rests her cause in her quarrel with Japan on the foundation of the peace treaties. If that fails her, there stands Soviet Russia, ready to help China find redress.

It would be a toss-up, it seems, between Communism and Christianity.

Mr. High is a former editor of *The Christian Herald*. He has traveled and observed extensively in the Far East, particularly in regard to the work of Christian missions, and is the author of several books.

"One could load all the missionaries on home-bound steamers and close up all the missions-support schools and hospitals, dispensaries and churches," he says:

"That would not stop the growth of this self-consciousness. It would only help to alter its direction. The Far East, for good or ill, is in process of conversion. If it is not 'converted' to the Christian attitude in world relationships then, certainly, it will be converted to some other attitude. Christianity is by no means the only gospel that is being preached in Eastern Asia. If the Christian way of life is closed, there are plenty of others that will remain wide open."

Whatever happens to Christian missions, says Mr. High, there

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It may never again be so easy to become "the man who owns one"

PROBABLY you've often wished for a Packard. Perhaps on several occasions you've almost bought one. But somehow you've felt it would be best to wait for better times.

A better time to buy a Packard will probably never come.

Why? For the same reason that a better time may never come to buy sound real estate or seasoned securities.

Today's motor cars are priced to give you more for your money than ever before. But there is still another factor in your favor. When buying turns, allowances on used cars will drop materially. Past experience bears this out. It will take a much greater cash outlay to buy a new car than it does today.

This year two and a half million cars will wear out. Only a million and a quarter new cars will take the road. This means that before long more than a million people must buy cars —or walk.

Buying must turn. Before it turns is the time to buy your car. And it is a particularly good time to buy a Packard, for today's Packards are the finest of a long line of fine cars.

Take your present car to a Packard dealer. Find out how much you can get for it on, say, a Packard Standard Eight. Learn how easy it is to pay the balance.

Then study the car itself. The Standard Eight has made more friends for Packard than any other model. It combines big car comfort with big car safety. It combines simplicity of design with low service costs. It has Packard's traditional ageless lines—lines that make the car young in appearance when it is old in miles.

And remember this: Your Packard Standard Eight will last for years to come—years that make your Packard a wiser investment than ever.

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will be no halt in militaristic nationalism or in the determination of the Communists to bring the Chinese under their flaming banner.

THE Communist strategy, we are told, is to identify the missionaries and the Christian message with Western exploitation and with the whole scheme of injustices from which the new China desires to be free. With the Christian and his gospel out of the way, the Soviet propagandists would have much clearer sailing.

If, therefore, the Christian movement comes to a halt, it "would stop at precisely the moment in history when, perhaps, above all other things, that process needs to be speeded up."

"For, as I have already pointed out, the Far East is right now in the midst of a critical situation that is filled with ominous possibilities for the peace of the world. In that situation there are few enough agencies operating for the development of those motives out of which a permanently peaceful settlement can be reached.

"Foreign trade can hardly be said to be operating to that end. Foreign diplomacy, however it has been tempered and toned down in recent years, is hardly yet a reliable agency for peace or a pervasive enough force to reach in the minds of the people.

"Government educational institutions in China and in Japan may serve—as they have already served—as centers for the development of militaristic nationalism rather than the growth of a belief in international cooperation. In the whole category of forces now at work in the life of Asia it is only Christianity that, working close to the people, is laying the foundations for those convictions and aspirations on which permanent peace can be established.

"Christianity, to-day, would probably be impotent to stem the tides of war, once they began to flow.

"But if Christianity continues to gain in strength it is likely to provide a decisive determination to find some other way than that of international antagonism and conflict for the settlement of the issues that will confront the Far East that will emerge to-morrow."

How to Free the Misfits From the Racketeers

LET THE BOY RUN THE STREETS and pilfer for his living, and by and by he'll be a "punk"—a recruit for the racketeers.

Punks, in the jargon of the underworld, as Humpty Jackson gives it, "ain't criminals, they're just punks—small-time lawbreakers who really don't have to have any brains."

That's why they are punks, or social misfits, in the diction of the social worker.

The country has 2,500,000 of them in normal times, it is estimated. In hard times they may run as high as 5,000,000. And the cost, which falls on the taxpayers, runs from $2,000,000,000 a year to twice that sum in times like this—something for the taxpayer to think about.

If they are capable of delivering a case of whisky, which requires no brains, according to Humpty Jackson, retired "King of New York gangsters," they are capable of doing small jobs, which also require no mental acumen, and are infinitely better for them and for society.

Sections of Belgium have found what to do with these social misfits, according to Burdette C. Lewis, who tells us about the punks in an article in *The Review of Reviews*. There part-time agriculture and industry have helped to prevent industrial unemployment from becoming chronic. Men who would be chronic beggars, thieves, stick-up men, charity cases in American cities, are moved to a training center. There they are examined, built up in health, improved mentally, tested for the kind of work they can do, and put on a job for which they are fitted. This is cheaper than having the misfits run at large.

This country has the beginnings of such a movement, but the problem, it is urged, needs to be taken as a whole if any real good is to be accomplished.

Mr. Lewis is a former Commissioner of Correction of the City of New York, has had experience as Commissioner of Institutions and Agencies of New Jersey, and is thoroughly familiar with the problem occasioned by the misfits at large in all our cities.

"Wherever wise training of the misfits has been undertaken—whether in Cleveland, or in Chicago, Jersey City, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia," he writes, "the good results were almost sensational in their power to reverse antisocial tendencies and the bad habits of the more pliable younger misfits."

These erring and pliable youngsters are ready tools for the racketeers, and, says Mr. Lewis:

"The way to fight racketeering is to modify unworkable prohibitions, to unify leadership opposed to the exploiting gangsters, and to divert the 'punks' through training.

"The 'punk' is a creature of habit; he lacks adaptability. He acquires bad habits, and can not change easily. He becomes a mere pawn in the games played by the smart racketeers, who keep in the background, but use the 'punk' just as Humpty Jackson tells us they do."

ONE day an old man came into Mr. Lewis's office and said to him: "If you train the misfit youth of our cities in a practical way, so they can make a living doing good, they will not follow the criminal road." The visitor told Mr. Lewis that he had tried to interest those high in authority in establishing great training schools for the "punks."

"Let society train them instead of the big criminals," he urged.

The caller was Pat Crowe, the kidnaper of Eddie Cudahy. He "got religion," he said, and wanted to make amends for the bad he had done.

The effort would seem to be worth the cost, to put it on a financial basis merely; for, writes Mr. Lewis:

"Misfits cost our energetic and hard-working individuals at least a dollar a day each, or $2,000,000,000 per year, when not in jail.

"They cost $10,000,000,000 more each year for the time they are being arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, kept in prison, and discharged.

The ten billion was paid through taxes, the two billion was paid in gifts.

"A well-known business man told the writer recently that he has checked up what he paid in taxes against what he paid gangsters and racketeers since the war. He finds that taxes are to graft as $250 yearly is to $1,500.

"Unless taxes, graft, and interest are cut down, he is satisfied the big cities can no longer compete with the small towns and country districts which have industrial manufacturing and processing plants. That intelligent man is willing to give government reasonable time to put its house in order; but he tells me that he will commit suicide—as some of his friends and mine have already done—if he can see no chance to defeat racketeering in business and in government. He will gladly help pay the cost in money, and especially in courage, of a sustained war upon racketeers both high and low.

"If seven or eight million people must leave the cities for the country in order to live properly, then there should be no difficulty in using the police powers to send the misfits to the country under supervision. The elder people should be colonized much as they have been in Belgium during the past thirty years. Freedom to beg, pander, half starve, and to be chronically ill in the cities is a freedom not worth having. The regulated freedom of the social colonies of Belgium, where a man makes all or part of his own living, is real freedom."

Christian Influence in Japan

CHRISTIAN influence is more wide-spread in the Japanese Government than, probably, is commonly suspected. It is found even in the highest offices. Cabinet Ministers and their wives are the channels of this new spirit.

Writing to *The Reformed Church Messenger* from Sendai, Japan, D. B. Schneder tells us that—

"One Minister, another the son of a Christian, and six wives of Ministers, four of them graduates of Christian girls' schools, represent an amount of Christian influence in the new Cabinet that has never been equaled before.

"It is a striking example of the fruitage of Christian educational work."

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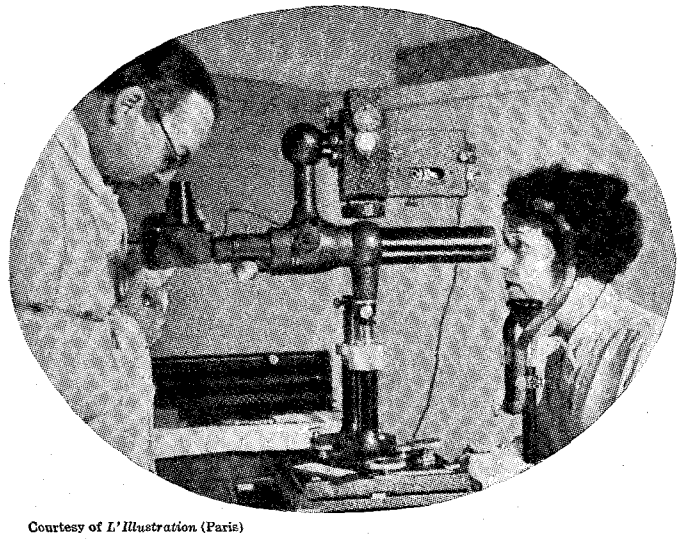
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Photographing the Inside of the Eye

AT LAST THE INTERIOR OF THE EYE can be photographed as easily as we can photograph the inside of the stomach. This assertion is made in *L'Illustration* (Paris) by Jean Labadié.

Many experiments hitherto have had only partial successes. Now we are assured that the technical resources of modern



Courtesy of *L'Illustration* (Paris)

How It's Done: Photographing the Eye

physical science, through the expertness of Dr. Jacques Mawas, have yielded the results so long sought. We read:

"Among the innumerable difficulties presented by the photography of the depth of the eye, the most important are due to surface reflections, marking differences of level.

"To photograph the retina, it must first be flooded with light without at the same time 'burning' it.

"Moreover, the light-rays must return through an object lens, in order to form the desired image. Obviously, the returning rays could not be distinguished unless reflections of purely incidental light were eliminated.

"For success in getting an image, five simultaneous adjustments must be made. There must be due regulation of the illuminating electric arc and of the ensuing condensation. The light concentrated upon the eye must be of the right intensity. The region of the retina to be photographed must be well defined. And, finally, the photographic plate must be rightly placed.

"Naturally, the subject, placed as shown in the illustration, must not move any more than if being photographed in ordinary circumstances.

"Furthermore, the eye—the pupil suitably dilated with a harmless drug—must avoid any movements of its own. The slightest rolling of the eyeball would spoil the effect."

AND now, how are the photographs to be read?

"The oculist finds here all that he looks for ordinarily without always finding it—capillary hemorrhages, microscopic stains and lesions with their differences of level. Not only does the enlargement of the pictures reveal things that he might otherwise not have noticed, but he is enabled to estimate their importance.

"The general medical practitioner finds in retinal 'accidents' indications of the state of the physical organism as a whole—indications of extreme interest.

"Consider, for example, on one of these photographs the rupture of a tiny vein. Its image, greatly enlarged, reveals to the practitioner a heart trouble which had escaped a previous examination.

"No experiment could better demonstrate the connection between medical progress and the application practically of an apparatus perfected through modern physics."

Music in Psychoanalysis

THE USE OF MUSIC, or simply of musical sounds, singly or in succession, has been successfully applied in his practise by Dr. Walter Kluge, a German specialist in psychoanalysis.

A description is contributed by Dr. A. Brandt, to *La Psychologie et la Vie* (Paris), in which he describes the demonstration by Dr. Kluge of a special form of organ devised by him by this sort of treatment. Dr. Brandt writes:

"The effect of music on the human organism has been known since ancient times. The King of Israel, Saul, tormented by melancholy, sent for David the shepherd boy to play on the harp. Orpheus knew how to tame savage beasts with his melodies, which enchanted the trees and the spirits of the dead, and even gained the approval of the guardian of Hades. Music excites and consoles, and there are few indeed whom it does not influence.

"A psychoanalyst of Berlin, Dr. Walter Kluge, who has won repute by his successful psychoanalysis of many celebrities, uses music in an original way. We know that the first condition in a psychoanalysis is that the person to be studied and treated shall avoid anything that might interfere with his natural reactions. When this person can react freely, in the silence of his own mind, he is already on the road to recovery."

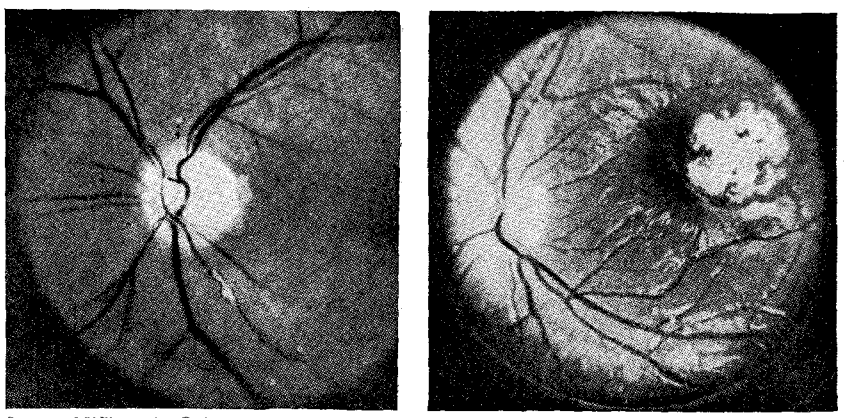
This fact led the doctor to explore the possibilities:

"Dr. Kluge noticed that his patients were sometimes struck with some particular melody. By repeating this air he could cause the patient to abandon all resistance and to act freely. Sometimes melodies, or even simple sounds, coming from other rooms, would be heard, and the patient, who had been struggling with all his strength against all attempts to make him 'let himself go,' would forthwith forget to use his mental weapons.

"Dr. Kluge then made experiments with difficult patients by playing to them certain tunes, or even successions of sounds—cadences that exprest different emotions, sometimes quite violent, fear, for instance. This was indicated so vividly that the patients felt again the emotions of their youth in all their original force. The sounds were repeated until the patient was quite unable to resist their influence.

"To show the exactitude of his observations, Dr. Kluge one day invited several persons interested in psychoanalysis to hear music played on a harmonium so constructed as to imitate the tone-qualities of different instruments and to produce a great number of shades of intensity. An unheard-of effect was produced, tho the auditors were in full daylight, and comprised about twenty persons, all fully informed of what was going on.

"Little series of sounds tormented, excited, or obsessed the mind. Repetitions of certain harmonies had a specially formidable effect. It was easy to understand how this method, used in the solitude and atmosphere of an analytic sitting, must produce effects on persons inaccessible to any other kind of influence."



Courtesy of *L'Illustration* (Paris)

What the Eye Tells the Camera

Photograph of a normal retina, apart from a slight hemorrhage of a very fine vein visible below and to the right of the large, clear spot. The latter is the opening of the optic nerve.

Photograph of a retina suffering from a more serious hemorrhage. Here the blood-vessels are ruptured over a considerable surface. The blood has spread largely into the retinal tissue.

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New Floors for Old

MODERN METHODS OF REFINISHING old floors afford one of the best opportunities for worth-while improvement of the home, says Berton Elliot, in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago).

Necessary repair work and preparatory treatment should be taken care of first. We read:

"Any loose or squeaky boards should be nailed down. Next, make sure that the surface is free from dirt, grease, or wax, the two latter being removed with a cloth saturated in gasoline or turpentine. Then fill cracks and holes with a good preparation. Finally, after the filler has become thoroughly hardened, the whole floor should be sandpapered, first with No. ½ paper, then with a finer grade.

Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

Floor Design Printed With a Sponge

"The application of floor enamel is quite simple. For finishes in solid color, two or three coats are necessary, thinning each coat according to the directions. Apply in a full, even coat, brushing it well into the surface, and always the long way of the boards. Sandpaper lightly between all coats with medium-fine sandpaper, and dust clean.

"A decorative type of painted finish is often desirable. In all these finishes, a foundation of solid-color floor enamel is first applied, over which the figuration is painted in a harmonizing or contrasting color.

"One of the most delightful of these decorative effects, as well as one of the simplest, is the 'spatter finish.' This is produced by striking a scantily filled brush sharply against a stick, which sprinkles the color in irregular dots over the surface in a salt-and-pepper effect.

"Sometimes, too, the spatter work is done by dipping a stiff scrubbing-brush into the color, and scraping a knife against the bristles, or a hand-sprayer may be used.

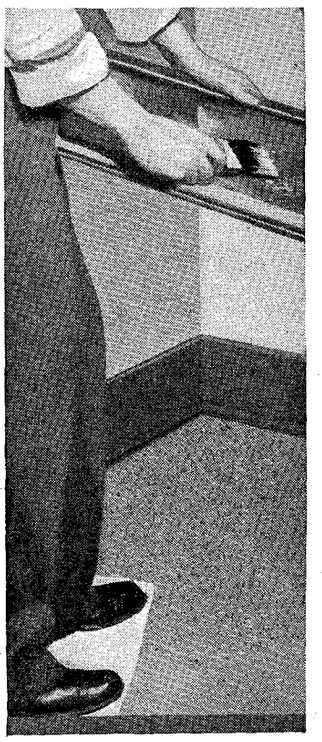
"The floor enamel, thinned with an equal part of turpentine, or oil-colors reduced with turpentine, should be used, but never lacquer, which will lift the freshly applied foundation of oil-enamel. Some practising should be done on sheets of wrapping-paper before starting actual work. If too large spatters or blotches occur, try spattering through a piece of screen wire.

"Another pleasing effect may be produced by sponge stippling. The sponge is cut in two (after being moistened with water to soften it) to form a flat printing surface. A little of the stippling color is then poured out on a piece of cardboard and the sponge is rubbed into the color, flat side down, and tapped a few times on a piece of paper to remove excess color. Then start stippling over the floor, tapping straight onto the surface without twisting or turning. When you have finished, clean the sponge with gasoline or other solvent, and wash it out in soap and water. The stippling may also be done with a newspaper crumpled into a ball. With the decorative finishes just described, one or two protective coats of varnish must be applied over the surface after the work is completed, and then a coat of wax."

Loud-Speaker in a Suit-Case

THE LATEST CONVENIENCE for this year's political campaigners, which enables an orator to pack the shouts of a giant in a suit-case, came to light when the Western Electric Company announced that there is available a complete public-address system so small that it is carried around by hand.

This system was designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories. The amplifier in the system is designed to magnify the speaker's voice from one to many thousand times its natural loudness, according to the surroundings. Says a press bulletin of the Public Relations Department of the Western Electric Company:

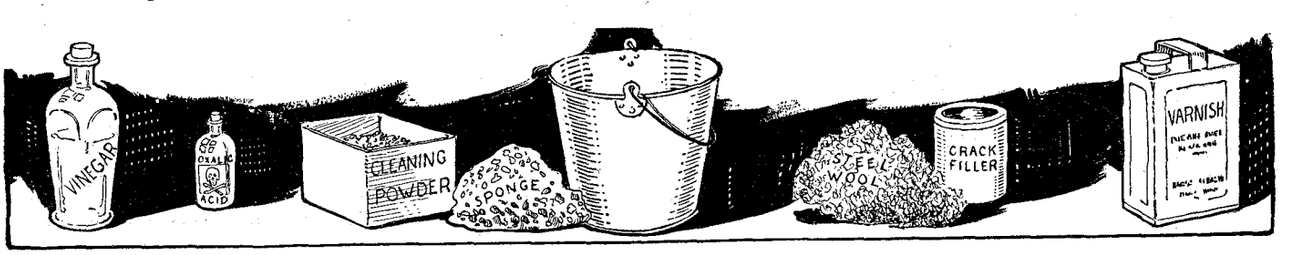


Nothing Hard Here

A spatter pattern can be made with a brush and a wire screen.

"The entire equipment, including the case, weighs seventy pounds. The equipment includes the amplifier, a loud-speaker, a control unit, and the necessary connections. It operates from the regular alternating-current electric-power supply.

"To make its convenience complete, the miniature public-address system is arranged for use with another miniature device developed by the same engineers, the so-called 'lapel' microphone which came into prominence during the broadcasting of the national party conventions at Chicago. When the orator arrives at his indoor or outdoor meeting, all he does is set the case down in a good place, plug in on the electric-light line, pin the tiny microphone on his lapel, step up on the platform, and commence talking in his ordinary tone. The wire from the microphone gives him thirty feet in which to make dramatic strides and gestures. An assistant, seated inconspicuously as far as fifty feet away can, by means of remote volume control, help the speaker punctuate his points without actually raising his voice. The system can also be used with an electrical reproducer to amplify phonograph records of music or prepared speeches."



When You Have These Simple Aids, Then You Are Ready to Make the Old Floor New

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Have more smoke-enjoyment

STAY "MOUTH-HAPPY" WITH SPUD...

MORNING...
NOON...
AND NIGHT!

Before Breakfast... The pleasure of that first-of-the-day cigarette . . . make it keener, cleaner! Smoke Spud. It is moist cool, clean-tasting. It has fine, full tobacco flavor.

Business Luncheons... Get more smoke-zest at these talk-and-smoke fests. Smoke Spud ...all you wish. The cool, clean taste is always there... to increase your mouth-happiness.

"After Hours"... Heavy smoking is usually hard on smoke-fun. But not if you smoke Spud! Smoke all you want... Spuds are the grand new freedom in old fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) · THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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Removing Bad Taste From Water

INVASION OF WATER SUPPLIES by tiny organisms is no longer to be feared, according to George R. Spalding, sanitary engineer of the Hackensack (N. J.) Water Company, who, in a press bulletin issued by the company, reports marked advances through research in water control.

An effective foe of these natural forces, which periodically beset the water supplies of all cities, has been found in activated carbon, says a report by Mr. Spalding covering three years of experience with this new agent of science in the company's department of filtration and sanitation at New Milford, New Jersey.

"Micro-organisms" may broadly be classified into two divisions: bacteria, which make a water unsafe; and microscopic organisms, which make it unsavory. Modern science has produced effective means of eliminating bacteria, but slight tastes and odors heretofore have been more elusive. To quote the bulletin:

"'Activated char,' as carbon is called, kills the vegetable odors and tastes which microscopic organisms create. Previously, Mr. Spalding explains, the company's chemists were limited to the prevention of the growth of these organisms. This aim was continually frustrated by the influx of fresh water bringing new myriads of organisms.

"Now, the means of combating the enemies of palatability are twofold. Through copper sulfate the growth of organisms is minimized; through 'activated char' the odors and tastes which arise from their presence are expelled.

"The New Milford plant is a pioneer in the use of carbon. Since 1931 it has been a regular instrument of the company's operating procedure.

"'The experiences of plants with activated carbon now covers a wide range of conditions with waters in various parts of the country,' Mr. Spalding points out. 'Odors and tastes due to algæ and decaying vegetation are removed particularly well and at economical cost.

"'At the New Milford plant of the Hackensack Water Company we applied an average carbon dosage of 9.7 pounds per million gallons of water during a total of 249 days last year to control seasonal odors from microscopic organisms.

"'The fact that carbon brings about its action by purely physical means, adding nothing of a chemical nature to the water and depending not at all upon mere chemical alteration of odor-producing substances, serves to give it added value.

"'The only really new thing about activated carbon is the discovery of a simple and surprizingly effective method of applying it to water in the form of a fine powder. The practise embodies an old idea in a new form.

"'It is an adaptation of the time-honored principle of filtering water through charcoal, the difference being that a much more efficient kind of charcoal is added before the water is filtered. Activated carbon, as applied to the Hackensack system, has proved to be an absorptive agent of first importance as well as a formidable ally of public service.'"

Telephonic Superstition

WE are not devoid of belief in "unlucky numbers." Thirteen has long been under the ban, and for a time twenty-three shared its unpopularity.

In Japan, we are told by *La Croix* (Paris), many other numbers are shunned, and this worries telephone subscribers who find such numerals assigned to them. Says the paper just named:

"The Japanese are superstitious—and so are a good many Frenchmen. They regard certain numbers as lucky, while others must be avoided at all hazards.

"So, what is their consternation when they find that a telephone number ending in 42 has been given them. This means sure death within the year! So there has arisen in Japan a lucrative occupation that does not exist in France. Certain influential persons, for a modest fee ($700 to $2,000), will undertake to get you whatever other number you wish—8, for example, or 357, with which life can not fail to be a succession of agreeable surprizes.

"But what becomes of the numbers that no subscriber wants? That is easy. They are assigned to public offices—fire- and police-stations, etc."

New Use for Human Hair

HAIRCLOTH HAS BEEN MORE OR LESS familiar for centuries, and it is still so, despite the disuse of the "horse-hair" furniture from which we used to slip and slide in our early youth.

Nowadays, human hair is largely used in haircloth, we are informed by L. Kuentz in *La Nature* (Paris). Cloth made of human hair is preferred for straining oils in the refineries, and Mr. Kuentz tells us that Chinese hair is the best for this purpose. He writes:

"Modern oil-factories need, besides machinery for extracting the oil, strainers in the form of bags of coarse material to contain the oily paste from which the oil is prest out. These bags are piled up in the press, separated by grooved steel plates to facilitate the discharge of the oil.

"When the device has received its complete charge, pressure is applied for twenty to thirty minutes. Subjected to this pressure, with a considerable increase of temperature, the bags wear out quickly.

"Owing to this fact, stronger fibers have been sought to replace the ordinary material of the bags, and camel's hair has been found satisfactory. Since the war it has been difficult to secure this, and other material has been sought. Experiments were made successively with cotton, linen, horse-hair, llama-hair, and hog-bristles, but these were either too expensive or too weak.

"Finally, one of the specialists conceived the idea of trying human hair, and among the different kinds available in commerce—Italian, German, Czecho-Slovak, and Chinese—only the last gave complete satisfaction.

"Growing on the heads of persons born to manual labor in the open air, these hairs have an elasticity, a resistance to breaking, and a diameter greater than all others. Also, they contain a greater number of oily cells than the average of other human hairs. Finally, they are not brittle like horse-hairs or hog-bristles.

"The culture of hair has long been a source of revenue to millions of Chinese.

"In the beginning, the chief supply was the queues of the men. Considered by modern Chinese as a badge of servitude, these queues were sacrificed by the million in 1910; since that date the production of human hair has been monopolized almost entirely by women.

"Traveling hair-dressers traverse the whole of China, and in the streets they cut off the hair, which should be eight to twelve inches long. They pay according to market value. After being sorted, the hair is sent in skeins to the export houses in Canton, Hongkong, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hangchow. These roll them into balls to be sent to America, Germany, and France, where numerous factories make haircloth from human hair.

"Indo-China also furnishes quantities of hair to the manufacture of this sort of fabric, but a larger amount is used to make 'false fronts.'"

A Man With Two Appendices

A CASE reversing the familiar joke about the surgeon who opens his patient for supposed appendicitis, and finds that the appendix already had been cut out by a previous operator, has been reported to *The Lancet* (London), by Prof. O. Margarucci of Rome. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The patient, the Italian surgeon reports, might really have fooled the surgeons by actually having a second case of appendicitis after one appendix had been removed, for the patient turned out to have two separate and complete appendices, one located a short distance from the other. The patient developed appendicitis in one of these appendices. Professor Margarucci operated, found the diseased appendix and removed it.

"To his surprize, he then discovered the second appendix, looking much like the first one, but still perfectly healthy. Not content with only one appendix to become inflamed and make trouble, nature had provided this individual with a double organ.

"Cases of such doubling of other organs occasionally are reported by physicians, like the instances of people who have six fingers or six toes on each hand or foot instead of the normal number of five. Frequently such abnormalities are inherited, but Professor Margarucci supplies no facts about the presence or absence of the extra appendix in other members of his patient's family."

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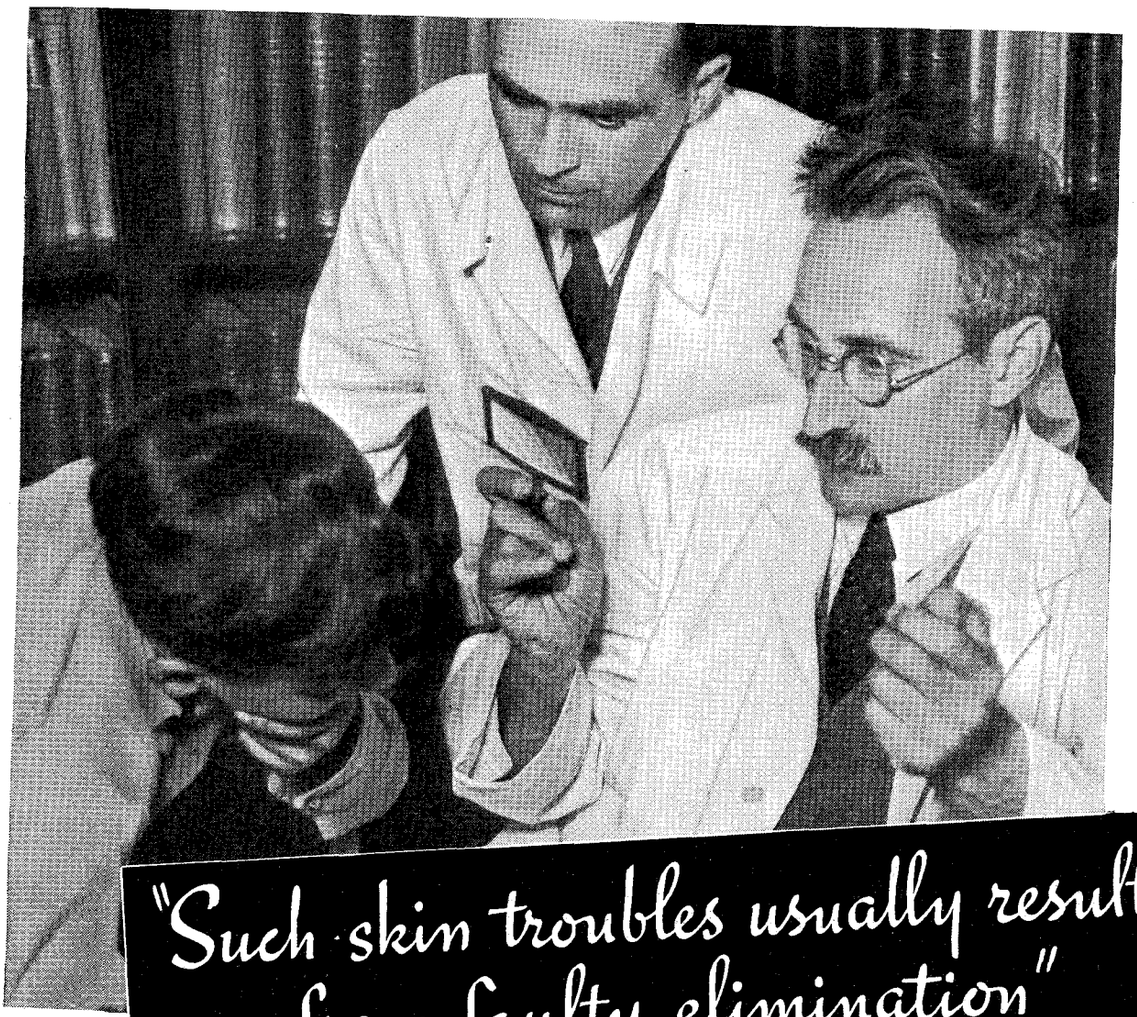

"Such skin troubles usually result from faulty elimination"

explains DR. KOENIGSTEIN, the noted Vienna skin specialist

DID you know the condition of your skin depends very largely on the functioning of certain *internal* organs? That is the subject of an important medical treatise by Dr. Hans Koenigstein, head of the Clinic for Skin Diseases in the great Rothschild Hospital in Vienna.

He says:—"A great number of persistent and painful skin diseases can be traced directly to disturbances of the digestion brought on by the retention of waste in the intestines. I have found that troubles such as pimples, boils and acne usually result from faulty elimination.

"Laxatives and cathartics cannot correct this trouble permanently. The dermatologist will find in fresh yeast a food of great value in overcoming constipation and the resulting skin diseases."

If your skin is broken out, or your complexion dull, start eating three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day.

Eat it regularly, faithfully . . . a month, two months—as long as you like.

Then notice, not only the improvement in your complexion, but how much better you *feel*. Yeast, remember, literally strengthens and "*tones*" your stomach and intestines...stimulates secretions . . . purifies. It brings about easy, regular elimination of the body's waste matter *naturally*.

Try it! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Dept. YDD-22 Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

DR. ENRIQUE CARRASCO CADENAS, the eminent Spanish medical leader, states: "Fresh yeast increases the self-disinfecting power of the skin." DR. KRISTIAN HYNEK, author of "Roentgenology of Stomach and Intestines," says: "Yeast is universally recommended."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors recommend. Eat 3 cakes daily, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime: plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

"My skin was getting worse"

"I had been enjoying a lot of school parties and working very hard," writes Miss Frankie Haigler, Miami, Fla. "My complexion began to look very bad. I wondered why. Then, I realized it was constipation.

"My French teacher had been advised by her doctor to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I agreed to try it. My constipation entirely disappeared and people noticed the difference in my appearance."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Canada Cheers "Silent Sandy," Her Golf Hero

EVERY MAPLE-LEAF IN CANADA is shaking like the aspen—with jubilation, of course—for "Silent Sandy," the lone wolf, came through.

Our friends to the north of the Great Lakes are celebrating the victory at Baltimore of the young London, Ontario, sportsman who has taken home with him the Havemeyer Cup, symbolic of the United States amateur golf championship.

Acme

As One Good Golfer to Another, Shake!

From left to right we see Champ Somerville, with his trophy; H. H. Ramsay, President of the United States Golf Association, and Johnny Goodman.

"Silent Sandy" (who is more formally known as C. Ross Somerville, who has also made his name in rugby, hockey, and cricket, and has four times won the Canadian amateur) came out on top of one of the most exciting United States amateur tournaments in history, beating Johnny Goodman of Omaha—the boy who eliminated Bobby Jones in 1929—2 and 1. The Havemeyer Cup has not been out of its native land since 1911, when Harold Hilton, another Briton, took it to England.

The editorial columns of Canadian newspapers (and United States newspapers, too, for that matter) are one unanimous and prolonged cheer for the insurance actuary who, by just going quietly along playing better golf than the rest, found himself out in front.

Canada, says one of Somerville's home-town papers, the London *Free Press*, "has never produced a finer sportsman, who plays the game for the game's sake."

THE Somerville-Goodman final, in the words of the Toronto *Globe*, "is recorded as one of the greatest contests in the history of the United States amateur championship games.

"Apparently," this journal continues, "equal in all the qualities that go to make a champion golfer, Somerville and Goodman fought it out, but gradually the Canadian began to assert his superiority, and after the thirteenth hole established a lead which the Nebraskan could not overcome.

"It was a glorious victory. The new champion, who is receiving the congratulations of the golfing world, has secured for Canada one of the most coveted titles associated with the game. Mr. Somerville's progress toward the throne he now occupies has been slow, but unfaltering. His steady improvement is emphasized by the fact that, early in the present tournament, no less a golf authority than the marvelous Bobby Jones picked him as the man to beat for the title:

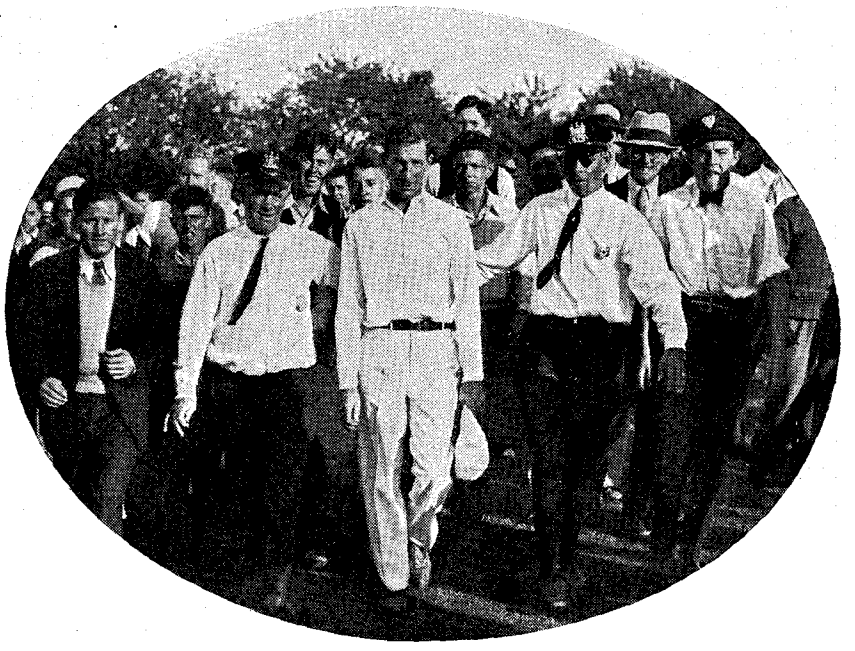
"Mr. Somerville is of the athletic type, having excelled in rugby, hockey, and cricket. He is but twenty-nine years of age, and his fine physique, cool head, and indomitable will should carry him to further victories. Canadians will be happy to pass the golf throne now occupied by 'Sandy' Somerville, and salute him as a right worthy Canadian sportsman, an honor to a splendid game and to his country."

AND *The Evening Telegram* of the same city congratulates the new sports hero of the Dominion in these words:

Somerville's victory over Goodman is possibly the greatest Canadian achievement in the sporting world of the present decade.

The United States amateur golf championship is one of the major golf crowns of the world. For the first time in the history of the competition, the name of a Canadian player will decorate the $20,000 gold cup, and it is only the second time that any but citizens of the great Republic to the south have achieved this honor. While the title is qualified by the word amateur, the distinction is not so significant as the casual reader may imagine. The difference between the best amateurs and the best professionals is very slight. Bobby Jones, the Atlanta wizard, won all his great honors while still an amateur, and it is safe to say that only a few of the very best professionals would have qualified in the company that assembled at Baltimore.

Somerville's victory was not a fluke or a case of shooting a few games of "hot" golf. It was the logical culmination of years of consistent play of such high order that competent observers, such as Innis Brown, editor of *The American Golfer*, five years



Acme

"Sandy" Copped the Cup and Then the Cops Copped "Sandy"

But not for lifting our $20,000 trophy. The officers are on hand to protect Somerville from a mob of fans.

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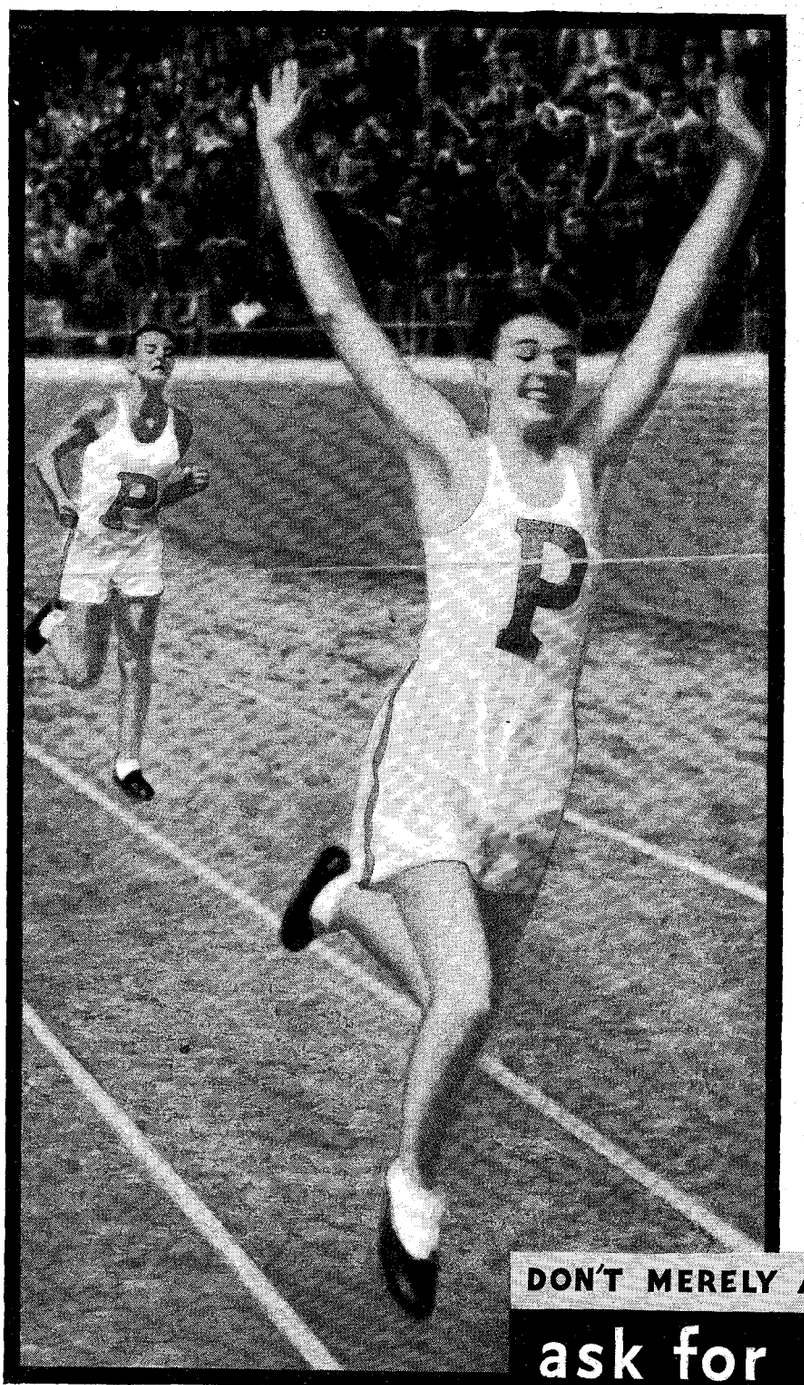
Both from Pennsylvania!

But not all Pennsylvania athletes have the same stamina . . . neither have all Pennsylvania motor oils



Almost anywhere along the road you can see motor oils that had a good start in Pennsylvania . . . only to lose their advantage through cheap or improper refining . . . and now running nowhere in the race for real motor oil quality.

Pennsylvania is the basis of the finest motor oil the world produces.

But it is the name of a crude oil, not a MOTOR oil.

VEEDOL'S superiority begins with its Pennsylvania crudes from the Bradford field—the richest of all.

Then VEEDOL doubles and redoubles the value of these crudes by a new, secret refining process, unique in the oil industry. It cost $2,000,000 . . . but it makes VEEDOL cold-proof . . . heat-proof . . . 99.1% carbon-free. And it gives you a safer, smoother, more economical motor the year round.

Why put your trust in unknown, unsponsored motor oils whose only lure is the word "Pennsylvania"?

CHANGE NOW TO WINTER VEEDOL

Made to defeat every attack of the bitterest cold. Ready to flow to every moving part the instant the motor starts. Ready to lubricate perfectly at 20° below zero . . . At a cost that is actually less than you usually pay for other high-grade Pennsylvania oil.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

DON'T MERELY ASK FOR "PENNSYLVANIA"

ask for veedol MOTOR OIL

AND GET 100% PENNSYLVANIA... AT ITS FINEST

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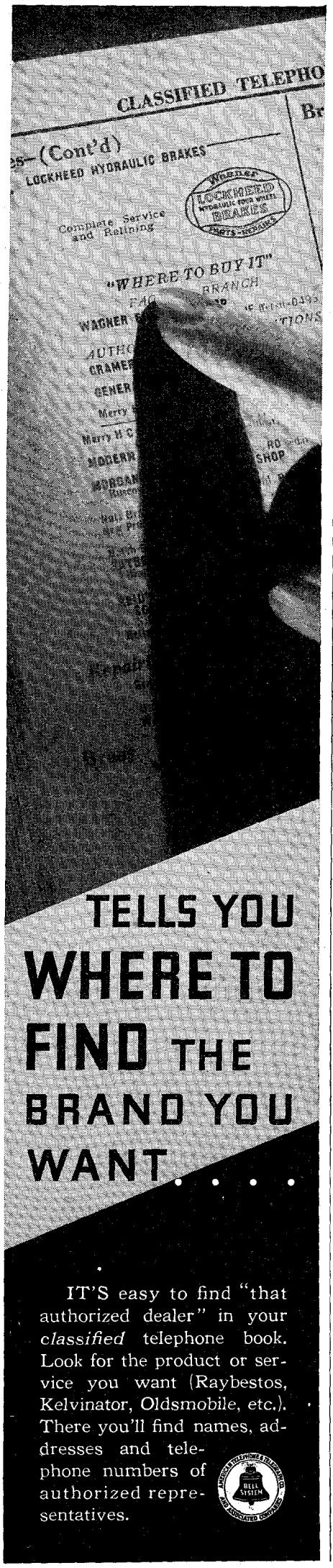
CLASSIFIED TELEPHO
(Cont'd)
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
Complete Service and Relining
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
TELLS YOU
WHERE TO FIND THE BRAND YOU WANT
IT'S easy to find "that authorized dealer" in your classified telephone book. Look for the product or service you want (Raybestos, Kelvinator, Oldsmobile, etc.). There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized representatives.
BELL SYSTEM

ago designated Somerville as one of the six best golfers on this continent.

APPARENTLY his friends were not greatly surprized when this most-talked-of young man in Canada walked off with the trophy.

In his long career as a golfer—a career that started as a youngster under the encouragement of a golf-playing father—"Sandy" at one time or another has held most of the major golf championships of Canada, as a Canadian Press dispatch from London, Ontario, tells us. Further:

He has been the Canadian national amateur title-holder four times, and twice runner-up for the honor. When he was low amateur scorer in this year's Canadian open, it marked the third year he had bested amateurs from the United States and Britain who play against the professional field each season for that title.

Golf is not the only line of sport in which the taciturn London athlete has won renown. Rugby football, hockey, and cricket are other fields Somerville has successfully entered. His drop-kicking ability when he played with the University of Toronto rugby team kept the name of the silent Scottish-Canadian in the head-lines. He was a member of the London "Big Six" team which won provincial honors, a few years ago, and a fast-bowling player with the last Canadian cricket team that toured England.

Right now Somerville's business, followed diligently when he isn't looking for new golf honors, is insurance, singularly enough the same occupation followed by Johnny Goodman. Somerville is a member of the office staff of an insurance company founded by his father. He is comfortably fixt financially, and a bachelor

"Sandy" was in his early teens when his tee shots started going long and straight, his irons true to the pin. His father took him to Scotland and placed him in charge of a professional, and in a year most of the rough spots had been burnished off.

Little success followed his tournament play the first four years. The 1924 national amateur chronicled Somerville as a "comer," for he blasted through a field of age and experience to reach the finals, where he faltered before the seasoned play of Stanley Thompson, Toronto veteran. But he has more than made amends. In only two Canadian championships since then has he failed to gain the finals.

FROM beginning to end, this year's tournament was a thrilling drama with a colorful cast. Standing out in the line-up were numerous stars of what we consider an older day on the links.

There was the defending champion, Francis Ouimet, who first came into the golf spot-light in 1913, and who made a sensational "come-back" last year. There was H. Chandler Egan, 1904's amateur king, Chick Evans, and Jesse Guilford.

And then there were brilliant youngsters, such as Charles Yates, E. A. McClure, Bobby Grant, Wilfred Crossley, Johnny Fischer, and Johnny Robbins.

Somerville won, according to Craig E. Taylor in the Baltimore *Sun*, because "effective fire from longer range will win any battle." As the play went on, hole by hole, we read:

Johnny Goodman found the stabbing tactics of his mashie, niblick, and putter of no avail against the heavier artillery of Somerville's wooden-club and long-iron batteries.

Goodman's effort to keep the trophy in the United States with inferior weapons was heroic, but hopeless. Under pressure all the way, his ability to bring off marvelous recovery shots and hole the first putt time and again for halved holes was proof of iron nerves. But his opponent apparently had no nerves at all.

Twice during the thirty-five holes of the match, the Canadian athlete found the green with his approach shots on eight consecutive holes. He was in few traps, and able always to handle the situation successfully.

In driving, Somerville was longer off the tee nineteen times, as against eight occasions on which Goodman had the lengthier shot. The American was a trifle straighter, going off the fairway only three times, as against five for Somerville. The latter was never in a trap with his driver, however.

Prosperity Flourishes Unchecked in the Tattoo Industry

THREE hundred completely tattooed men and tattooed women.

Fifty tattoo "artists."

Painless technique, fast colors, and an ever-widening field of activity.

Prices are falling, it is true, with plain designs quoted at fifty cents and initials at twenty-five, but on the whole the outlook for tattooing in the United States was never brighter.

Animals are now getting tattooed—silver-gray foxes, brought by their owners to have initials or trade-marks worked into the smooth lining of their ears as a precaution against theft.

Moreover, fulfilment seems in store for the prospect seen by a traveling journalist, some years ago, in a Mid-Western city:

"Rosy cheeks and ruby lips tattooed on ladies."

"It is bound to come," says a Milwaukee tattoo "artist," who has received "many inquiries" from Milwaukee women. However, it will not come at once, and he tells the Milwaukee *Journal:*

"What we lack is the proper ink.

"It must be the correct shade of red; in fact, we must have several shades of red, so that a woman may choose her favorite tint. The red we now use in tattooing is too light and bright. We need one of a deeper shade. The proper ink may already be on the market, but no one has it in this part of the country. But in England, I understand, women already have gone in for lip and cheek tattooing.

"And why not? It's entirely practical, and I can assure you that a skilled tattoo artist, with proper needles and inks, could do a far more artistic job than some of our girls do in their make-up.

"How would I proceed? Why, that's easy.

"First of all, the woman would have to select the shade of red she desired. Then

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we would pencil the lips to show just how the design would come out. We would also pencil the cheeks to see that the color was even on both, and show exactly how far the blending would go. It wouldn't be such a difficult job, but one that would require great care, for failure would be serious business. The tattooing of solid color would be simple, and the blending also could be satisfactorily done.

"And here is a little information that may surprize you: Some of our women right here in Milwaukee are already tattooing in their make-up. No, not on lips or cheek, but we are making new eyebrows for them. Some of the ladies plucked their eyebrows so much in the past that now they have scarcely any at all. Several have come to me with their troubles, so I tattooed them new eyebrows, and they went away happy. One would have to examine them very closely to detect the tattoo. If we can tattoo eyebrows, why not other parts of the make-up?"

THE most lucrative operations, however, are those of turning out tattooed men for shows. About thirty years ago, a dime-museum made the mistake of announcing a "Congress of Tattooed Men." Naturally, the crowd received the impression that people tattooed all over were fairly common, and salaries dropt from $60 a week for a tattooed man to $30 a week for a tattooed couple. The business of "covering" clients diminished tragically.

It is now picking up. More and more of our fellow creatures aspire to be tattooed all over, and, happily, the Milwaukee *Journal* can inform them that—

In the last twenty years a great deal of progress has been made in the tattoo business. India ink is no longer used, except in Japan and China. India inks fade and become dull after six months or so.

The inks now used are vegetable colors, and are non-poisonous. They are made in Germany, and do not fade. Some tattooing colors are also made in this country, but Germany seems to lead. One recent foreign catalog contained seventeen colors. Black comes in liquid form, but the others are in powders, which are mixed with water and alcohol, with a dose of antiseptic to prevent infection. Some of these colors can be mixed to make other shades.

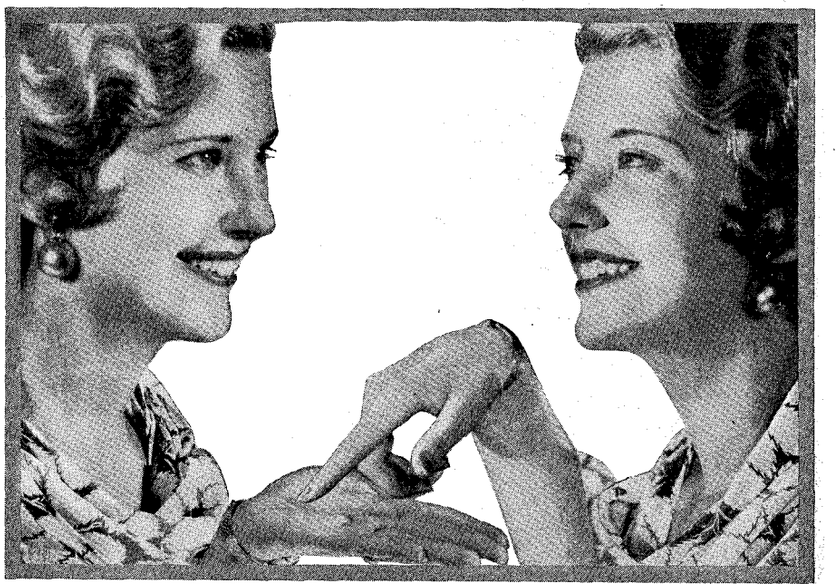
Just now a San Francisco man is in Milwaukee "getting covered." In tattoo parlance that means that his entire body from neck to toes is being tattooed.

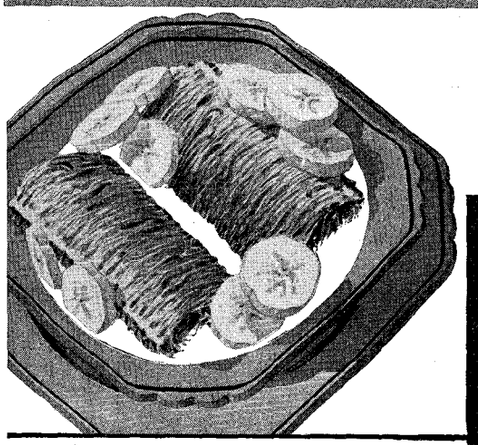
The hands are not tattooed, and some "covers" end at the ankles, but a 100 per cent. "cover" usually includes the feet, even the toes.

Why is he being "covered"? The man, who, until recently, was a professional roller-skater, has tired of barnstorming engagements, and has adopted tattooing as his calling. During the year that he has been having his body tattooed he has been receiving instruction from the Milwaukee "artist," and next spring he intends to go back to the coast not only as a full-fledged tattoo expert but with a "cover."

It is a sort of tradition among tattoo "artists" that in their business one should be "covered," so he can show real samples not only of designs but of colors and good work. And when the Californian goes back to the coast he will display a finer line of samples than the average competitor. His body will be bedecked from his neck down with elaborate and novel designs.

Find your own Good Fortune in this natural energy food





When you see Niagara Falls on the package, you KNOW *you have Shredded Wheat.*

THERE'S no guessing about Shredded Wheat... it's the *natural* energy food! Whole wheat, and nothing else, goes into these golden brown biscuits. Just the proper amount of bran, measured for you by Nature.

The taste? So tempting that children want Shredded Wheat daily.

The price? Just a few pennies for a package of twelve full-size biscuits.

Surely you're in luck when something you really like is really so good for you, too!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT
FOR ALL THE FAMILY . . . ALL THE YEAR

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Tally One for Gar and "Miss America X"!

THE RAIN WAS DRIZZLING on the little group gathered in the gray dawn on the bank of the St. Clair River at Algonac, Michigan—watching and listening.

A murmur in the distance.

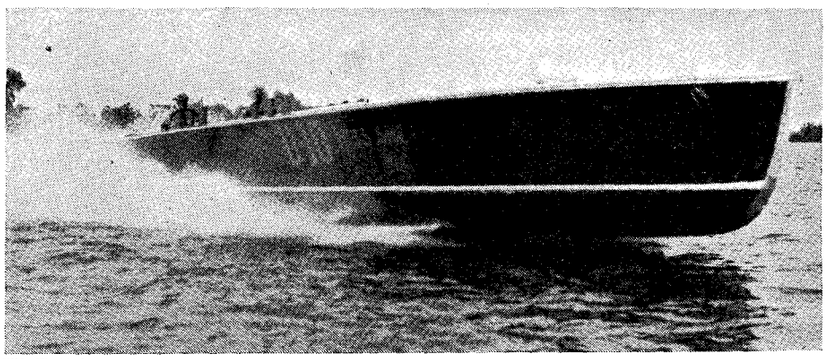
In an instant it grew and deepened into a roar, a deafening roar. The mahogany hull of a spray-dashing motor-boat shot out of the early-morning mists that obscured the south. In an instant it had disappeared to the north.

A short wait, and then a voice was heard:

"Wood was north in 124.41," the timekeeper shouted. "He took 33.32 seconds for that run."

The murmur again, and the roar. The huge mahogany hull bulging forward, says a United Press dispatch from Algonac, "a streak of red, white foam, and then dying noise, a mere speck up at the south end of the course."

The timekeeper spoke again. "Wood did that one in 125.42. Here's the average. It's a record. He made 124.91 for the two runs."



Wide World photograph

"Miss America X" Struts Her Stuff in a Practise Run

Thus Gar Wood, the United States's chief exponent of speed on the water, brought the world's motor-boat record back to the U. S. A. with *Miss America X*. He beat Kaye Don's record of between 119 and 120 miles an hour made last summer on Loch Lomond, Scotland.

Wood set the world's record over the nautical mile, which is, in rough figures, 1.15 statute miles. Not content with the world's record over the nautical mile, however, according to the United Press, Wood, timed over a statute mile during the same runs, made 124.74 miles per hour on the first and 124.69 for the second, for an average of 124.71, which sets a new American record for the statute mile.

Miss America X "was lightened nearly 1,000 pounds from her racing weight for the run by removal of three of four gasoline tanks," says the United Press, continuing:

Her four 12-cylinder Packard motors, turning up 6,400 horse-power, were beating a steady tattoo as Wood and his mechanic, Orlin Johnson, headed into the stretch of quiet water with timers checking the movements. There was no falter as Johnson slowly opened the throttle wide and let the boat extend itself to the utmost for the run.

The boat weighed seven tons as it was run, yet it rode the waters with just a minute portion of the two steps on the bottom touching the waves.

Miss America X, to make some attempt to paint her portrait, has a hull thirty-eight feet long, and a beam ten feet and six inches in width, according to *The Main Sheet*, published by the Detroit Yacht Club, of which Mr. Wood is a member.

A more intimate picture of the boat, and the care with which it is attended, is presented by Paul Gallico in his sports column in the New York *Daily News*. Says Mr. Gallico:

We are inside the boat well at Grayhaven, Gar Wood's home on Lake St. Clair, Detroit, Michigan. The boat well is also a little dry dock. The water has been forced out and *Miss America X* hangs suspended in the well by two slings. A crew of twenty men is swarming over her, inside and out, drilling, tapping, testing, thumping, hammering, checking, working as fast as hand and brain will permit.

I am writing this over in one corner of the well, sitting on a stepladder with the machine propt up on a packing-case. At my left is the well, with the cradled *Miss America X*. To the right is the little machine-shop, work-benches, an automatic metal saw, coils of copper piping, rubber tubing, spare exhaust stacks and pipes, boxes of spark-plugs, gasoline-cans, and box upon box of bolts, nuts, and screws.

The ceiling is heavy beamed with whitewashed steel girders. Just below are the tracks for the two traveling cranes, from which the world's fastest boat is suspended.

The steel saw hums and buzzes. Automatic drills are biting holes into the sides of the beautifully polished hull. And if you should happen to stick your head outside the door you would hear the soft strains of Gar Wood's great pipe organ.

There is Wood now, as I write. I pause a moment and watch him.

Lean, hatchet-faced, clad in gray flannels and a white shirt, half-sleeved and open at the throat. His white head is bent low over the black and copper engines and the red steering-wheel. He was up at seven this morning, came down to the machine-shop here and made himself an aluminum windshield.

Now he has left the stern of the boat and crawls forward over the engines into the forward hatch where the gasoline tanks are, crawls back and supervises the fastening of some internal bracing to the hull.

EVERY inch of the boat is being worked over, the writer continues. "There are ninety-six spark-plugs in the engines. Each one is being tested for life. Packard men are going over the motors. Other mechanicians are working on carbureters." Reading on:

Others are examining the gas lines which clogged yesterday at one stage of the race. The timing is being looked after, the oil lines checked, and the water circulation lines gone over. There is no such thing as being too careful or too thorough.

It hurts one, somehow, to see them puncture the beautiful satiny finish with steel drills, but there is no sentiment about this business. Wood must open up his throttle and to do so, he found, he needs more bracing to the shell. And so the drills bite, steel screws are inserted, and strips of wood are fastened to the inside of the hull just where the water beats the hardest at ninety or 100 miles per hour.

I wish I had a camera here to photograph this scene of activity. Besides Gar Wood's ever-present shock of white hair and Orlin Johnson, I count eleven men working at once inside the boat, each over a different part, four in the well below, four standing around on the planking bordering the well, handing things over, and four more working in the machine-shop at the drills and saws, or looking for materials.

Just beyond the steel water-gate of the well, Lake St. Clair is gray and threatening, and the clouds low and black. Occasionally a brown speed-boat whips by the opening at a forty-mile clip, or the long, low hull of the curiously built Lake Erie freighters. Once in a while a policeman wanders in (the place is well guarded) and looks the scene over. The hammering, the sawing, the tapping, and the drilling go on ceaselessly.

Gar Wood, the "Old Gray Fox of Algonac," has "been striving for speed in boats ever since, as a boy ten or twelve years old, he stoked furniture into the family steamboat, the *Manitoba*, on a lake in Minnesota and won a race against a bitter rival." So the New York *Sun* tells us in a sketch of the speed king's career:

The *Manitoba* was forced to do only ten miles an hour to win that race. He's been stepping up the speed of his boats year after year until to-day's climax of his career in speed.

He got his start in racing at Detroit in 1916, when he headed unannounced into an exclusive race of the Detroit Yacht Club and ran circles around the regular entries in an unkempt rattle-trap of a boat. He got no official award for winning the race, but was given a special loving-cup.

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Babies of All Ages Flock to Honor "Doc Stork"

FOUR thousand three hundred babies or more Dr. Shelly has ushered into the world, never losing a baby or a mother.

He is S. T. Shelly, M. D., rural practitioner at Mulvane, Kansas, and affectionately known as "Doc Stork."

Five hundred of his babies, young and old, held a reunion recently on the lawn and in the road in front of his house.

"If you had located in a city, how rich and famous you might have been!" a visiting newspaper man said to the physician.

Springing to his feet, with a wave of his hand toward his throng of babies, young and old, "Doc Stork" replied:

"I wouldn't trade that for the biggest office and biggest practise in the biggest city in America!"

The newspaper man, A. B. Macdonald, quotes his additional confession:

"While I have been in at the birth of so many other people's babies, I have not neglected my own duty in that regard. I have four children of my own and six grandchildren."

CONCERNING the reunion, Mr. Macdonald tells us in the Kansas City *Star:*

All day long they kept coming, these men, women, and children that Dr. Shelly brought into the world in the fifty-two years he has been a physician in Mulvane.

"Here's another of your babies, doctor!" exclaimed a man with gray in his hair, his shoulders bent with age and hard work on the farm.

"Here are two more!" announced Bert Roby, entering the lawn with a big basket on his arm with a pair of month-old boy twins lying quietly in it and sucking at their bottles.

"Those are my two youngest babies," said Dr. Shelly, proudly, stooping over the basket to chuck one of them under its chin with his forefinger.

Turning to the father of these twins, Dr. Shelly asked: "What did you name them, Roby?"

"Merle and Earle," replied Roby.

"Good names, and they look to be healthy and strong," said Dr. Shelly.

A crowd gathered around the basket, women who were grandmothers, and others of all ages, all of them claiming, with pride, that they, too, were Dr. Shelly's babies.

They were exclaiming:

"Well, did you ever? Twins!"

"Such darlings!"

A man past middle age pushed in and, putting an arm around the shoulder of Dr. Shelly and pointing into the basket, asked:

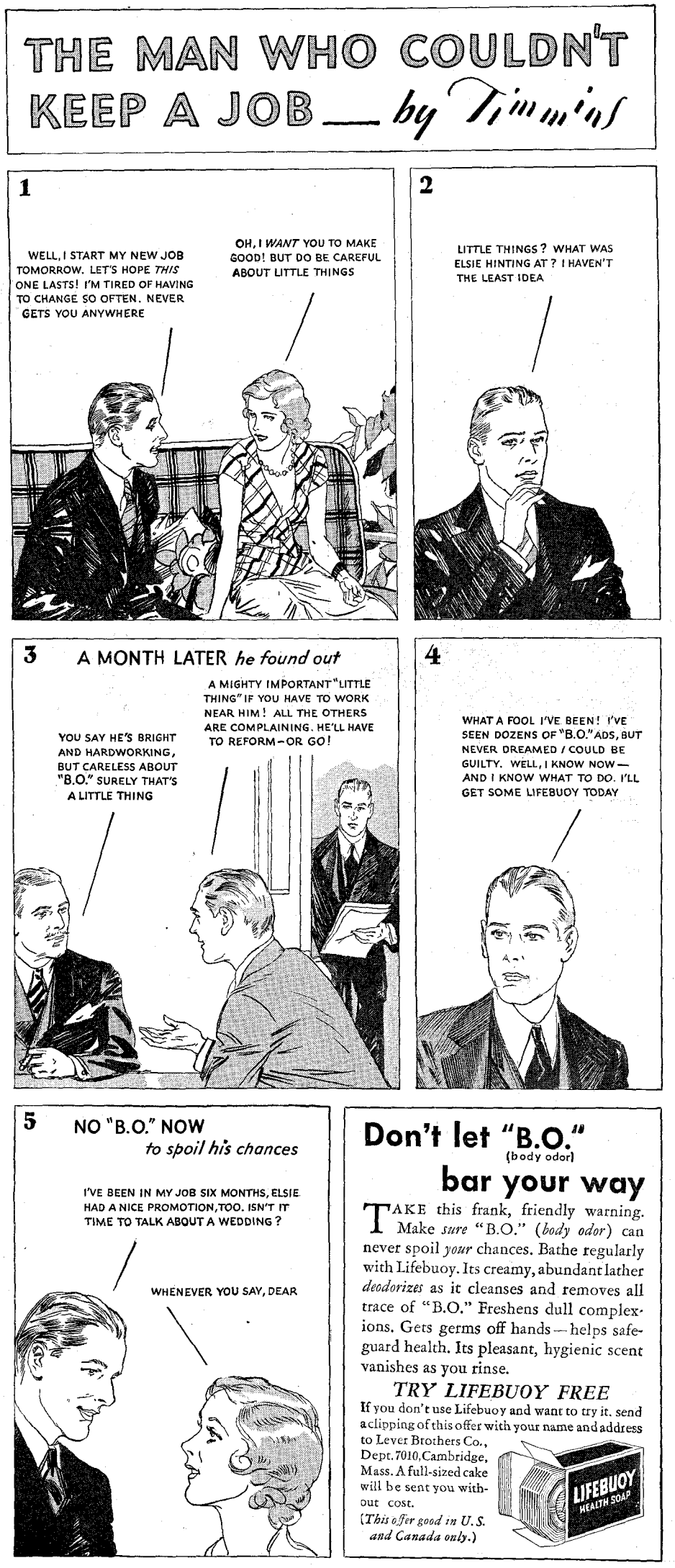
"Are those your youngest, Doc?"

"Yes, those are my youngest."

"And I am your oldest baby," the man returned.

THE oldest still living, that is. "You were the second baby I brought into the world," said Dr. Shelly, and the recollection started others:

"I rode into this place the twenty-second day of January, 1880, on a pony that I bought for fifteen dollars," he hold his audience, "and everything I had in the world was that pony, a pair of saddle-bags


THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins
1
WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE
OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS
2
LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA
3
A MONTH LATER he found out
YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING
A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!
4
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY
5
NO "B.O." NOW to spoil his chances
I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?
WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

Don't let "B.O." (body odor) **bar your way**

TAKE this frank, friendly warning. Make *sure* "B.O." (*body odor*) can never spoil *your* chances. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *deodorizes* as it cleanses and removes all trace of "B.O." Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 7010, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

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It's a genuine STETSON

and the price is $5

WE'VE been making fine hats for 67 years. More men wear Stetsons, the world around, than any other brand. And this year you can buy one of these famous hats for a five-dollar bill.

It's genuine Stetson through and through—hand-blocked, superbly finished, smartly styled. It is available in a full range of colors, both soft felts and derbies, at almost any good store that sells hats.

All other Stetson prices reduced

Excellent Quality, formerly $10 . . . *now* $7
Nutria Quality, formerly $12.50 . . *now* $10
Real Nutria Quality, formerly $15 *now* $12.50
3X Beaver Quality, formerly $16.50 *now* $15
Stetson Special Quality, formerly $20 . . . . . *now* $17.50
4X Beaver Quality, formerly $22.50 *now* $20
5X Beaver Quality, formerly $40 . *now* $35
7X Beaver Quality, formerly $50 . *now* $40

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia New York London Paris

filled with pills, $2.40 in money, a plug hat, a Prince Albert coat, my diploma, and as fine a pair of whiskers as you ever saw. Here, I'll show you the very saddle-bags and the hat I wore that day." And so Mr. Macdonald relates:

He had them against the trunk of a huge elm-tree on his lawn, a pair of saddle-bags made more than a half century ago for country doctors who rode horseback, to hang over the saddle, with pockets on each side for pills, plasters, a few surgical instruments, and a pair of forceps for pulling teeth.

"Those old saddle-bags rode with me over all these four counties for twenty-five years. See how they're worn?" And the doctor showed where his legs rubbed against them as he sat in the saddle and had worn the leather almost through.

"And here's the plug hat I wore," he continued.

"The Prince Albert coat is gone, but I have saved the hat down through the years."

He brought from the house an old scrapbook, and in it were three photographs of himself, one taken when he first came to Mulvane, a young man of twenty-three. It showed him with whiskers on his cheeks, the variety known fifty years ago as "sideburns."

"In those days, out on these prairies, people thought a doctor wasn't the real thing unless he had whiskers, a plug hat, and a frock coat," said Dr. Shelly. "So I had to dress the part. I soon found that the more whiskers I had the better doctor I was thought to be, so I grew a full beard, as you see in this second picture, down almost to my waist. Now," shutting the book on that phase of his past, "a doctor can be himself and get by with it, and the fewer whiskers he has the better, for whiskers catch and breed germs. But, of course, we didn't know much about germs in those early days.

"But, what I started to say was that Norden, here, was not my first baby. I officiated at the birth of a girl baby the day after I arrived here, fifty-two years ago, but I have forgotten who she was. Norden was my second baby."

AT this point, a big automobile drove up. As its passengers alighted, Dr. Shelly cried, "More of my babies!" and ran to greet them.

"Yes, Doc, three generations," said Mr. Maple, whose car it was. "I'm the only one in this bunch that didn't come to Kansas by the Doc Shelly route. I rode in on horseback from Illinois."

So there follows, in *The Star*, a bit of Maple family history:

There was Mrs. Maple, who declared: "I was born, with the help of Dr. Shelly, the day before Christmas, 1885."

"I gave her as a Christmas present to her parents," said Dr. Shelly.

"I married Mr. Maple there, and we had five children, and Dr. Shelly helped them all into the world," said this mother. "My eldest boy is Eldon, and this is his boy, Bobbie, one year old, and Dr. Shelly was there when he was born. That makes three generations of this one family that are Dr. Shelly's babies."

So they kept coming all day. There was the Dye family of eleven children. There were men and women who drove from Emporia, Topeka, Hutchinson, and many other points in Kansas to be here at this first reunion of Dr. Shelly's babies. And there were a man and his wife from Florida, who happened to be passing through Kansas on a tourist trip and, hearing of this reunion, came to it.

There was Oscar Helbert, born in a log house, fifty years ago, with Dr. Shelly on hand to see that he had a fair start in life.

"The good old Doc was there when my five brothers and sisters were born," he said. "And, let me tell you, no better man ever lived than Doc Shelly. The first suit of clothes I ever wore was made from one of Mrs. Shelly's old velvet dresses. We farmers in this part of Kansas were mighty poor in those days, and I know that Doc Shelly's fees were pretty small, and often he got nothing for his work, but he never refused to come when we sent for him. These modern doctors want to settle down in the cities, and won't come out into the country at night at all.

"Say, Doc"—turning to Dr. Shelly—"you never turned down a call for help, no matter how muddy the roads, or cold the storm, or dark the night, did you?"

"Huh!" grunted Dr. Shelly. "I've been practising medicine here going on fifty-three years, and never refused a call, night or day, from white or black, rich or poor, no matter what the weather, how bad the roads, or how far the ride."

A GRIZZLED old farmer cut in with, "Remember the time you had to swim the Cowskin?"

Dr. Shelly remembered the exciting incident. So did many others. A great laugh went up, in which the Doctor joined. The story followed:

"I was on a baby case that night," he related. "It was so dark I couldn't see my hand before my face. But I knew the road and the ford across Cowskin Creek, but what I didn't know was that there had been heavy rains up north, on the headwaters of the creek, and it had come down in a flood, and the creek was running bankful. I supposed the creek was at its normal height, just belly deep for my horse, so I plunged in, and in a minute the horse was off his feet and swimming for life. All I could do was to lie down along his neck and hang on for dear life.

"The current carried us down a half mile before my pony felt ground under his feet and scrambled out. I got to the farmhouse, a soddie on the lone prairie, after midnight, but in time, and, with my clothes dripping water, I officiated at the birth of a fine baby boy."

She Was No Stormy Petrel.—The saleslgirls in a leading store are now being sent up to a bureau on the fifteenth floor to learn all the ins and outs of the product they're selling. One clerk, who presides over the umbrellas, took her lesson very much to heart, memorized the data, and returned to her department fired with enthusiasm for this new and higher method of selling.

Her chance came when a customer showed some interest in the particular $2.97 umbrella that had been tested in the bureau.

"That umbrella leak?" said the girl. "Why, madam, it's made to stand a hydrostatic pressure of seventeen centimeters."

The customer looked dazed.

"But I never go out in weather like that," she said.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

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Spider and Snake in the Battle of the Century

"WILL you come into my parlor?" said the spider who was waiting for his supper to the ten-inch garter-snake who was also looking for his.

"I'll be glad to," said the snake, and to himself he added, "Oh boy, what a tasty meal Mr. Spider will make."

And so he glided swiftly into the spider web, which was in a pump shack at the bottom of the water-tower in St. Charles, Illinois. And he also glided, with the same motion, into a peck of trouble.

The spider web was a less delicate contraption than he thought. It stuck to him, and tangled him, and here was Mr. Spider, suddenly springing into activity, spinning more threads every minute. Mr. Snake was fairly trapt in a web that covered his head and was speedily becoming a thick hood. He tugged and thrashed and managed to break a few strands, but when he broke one industrious Mr. Spider spun half a dozen more.

Mr. Snake, as we have said, was in a peck of trouble, but he had a wonderful press. First St. Charles residents gathered round to watch the contest. Then reporters and photographers for Chicago papers and news associations gathered. The spider and snake were on the front page, but that must have been cold comfort to the snake who was naturally going hungry and was slowly but surely choking to death.

The posture of affairs after the fight had been in progress for more than three weeks, with the whole world, figuratively speaking, at the ringside, is described thus in the Chicago *Tribune:*

A naturalist looked on with interest at the spectacle which was presented in the brick shack that houses an automatic pump at the base of the water-tower in the town.

An investigator from the Illinois Humane Society lent his indignant presence.

Two fashionably drest women who visited the scene in a limousine uttered little screams as the spider tossed additional silken loops about the head of his victim.

All the sympathy went to the snake. He hung by his head from the spider's web, his tail trailing on the ground. His form was emaciated after twenty-four days without food and water. Walter Necker of the Museum of Natural History, who was present, predicted that the spider would eventually triumph, altho the snake might live a week or more.

Nor was the spider revealing himself as a sportsman in his moment of triumph. Perched a few inches from the bound body of his enemy, he looked on smugly.

Sometimes, he retired to lunch at his ease on some succulent delicacy, such as a fly's wing, and then returned to watch the squirmings of the prisoner.

Under a magnifying glass, the snake was seen to be as securely bound as if in chains. He had no chance to escape, Mr. Necker declared.

But then came the surprize. Just as an anxious world expected to hear at any moment of Mr. Snake's demise, it received word that a human hand, armed with shears, had snipped the web, and set the wriggling captive free. It was all something of a mystery, at first, anyway. As another account in *The Tribune* tells us:

Amateur detectives could make no headway in determining exactly who had freed the snake, nor who was present at the time. Dr. I. G. Langum, Mayor of St. Charles, who had issued orders banning any one from interfering, wouldn't admit he was there. J. R. Arteberry, superintendent of public works, wouldn't say he was. Ernest Davis, foreman of the department, was reported out of town.

Both Arteberry and Mayor Langum received letters of strong protest from the Chicago Humane Education Society. They were signed by W. M. Stone, humane officer.

"We are enclosing for your information," they read, "a copy of the humane laws of the State of Illinois. According to the newspapers, you are knowingly causing a creature to be kept in an unnecessary cruel manner, which is a violation of the law. Please release the animal at once. This is anything but justice or fair play, to cause a snake or other creature to struggle to death. Very sincerely yours. W. M. Stone."

Pamphlets inclosed indicated that a fine of $3 to $200 might be imposed if a conviction should be obtained on such a charge. [And perhaps this helps to explain the matter.] Dr. Langum, while asserting he didn't know who had released the prisoner, declared he preferred not to have any action brought against the town of St. Charles, and had thought it best to put an end to the situation.

IN the Chicago *Daily News,* however, Robert J. Casey gives an entirely different version of the great "jail delivery," telling us:

Mayor Langum and his six aldermen and an escort of motor-cycle policemen went to the city pump-house, and with a pair of shears generally reserved for snipping ribbons across the ends of new bridges, they cut away the spider's handiwork and allowed the snake to stretch himself. The spider, watching these proceedings from a distance, hastily detached himself from the web and ran up the wall to the ceiling, where he halted in silent disgust.

The snake was removed by the escort to the city hall, where he was given first aid. Thence he was transferred to a glass bottle in a grocery-store window in Main Street, and the palpitant world was informed of what the St. Charles officials laughingly called his liberation.

Over the bottle in the window—before which hundreds of spectators gathered to look at him—had been posted a placard entitled, "The Snake's Prayer for To-day."

It read: "O Lord, please help me to keep my nose out of other people's business."

This was considered in poor taste by some St. Charles residents, inasmuch as the snake had fallen into trouble in the first place by strict attention to his own business, which in that instance was an attempt to eat the spider.

Mayor Langum, whose action in the battle was caused by the loud protests of numerous humane societies, fed the snake before putting it into the bottle.

"The snake seems to be in excellent

THE GARGLE CHILDREN LOVE TO USE

LAVORIS

IT'S easy to treat a child's cold with Lavoris . . . because they love to use it. And its unique mouth-purging action brings quick relief too. Lavoris coagulates germ-laden mucus . . . flushes out embedded bacteria and leaves the mouth and throat in a clean and healthful condition. Furthermore—

Lavoris positively will not injure delicate membrane. Its effect is stimulating. Its taste is pleasant.

THE LAVORIS COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Lavoris Chemical Co., Ltd., *Toronto, Ont., Canada*

ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE

THE LAVORIS COMPANY
Dept. LD
987 North Third Street
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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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CORNS
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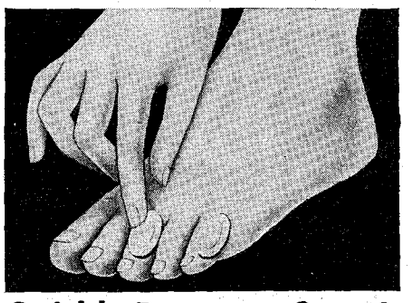

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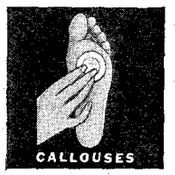
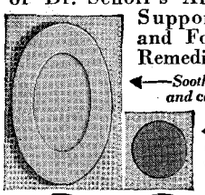


Don't cut your Corns

and risk infection; or use caustic liquids or plasters—they often cause acid burn. BE SAFE!

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, to quickly remove corns and callouses. At drug and shoe stores. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.



←—*Soothing, healing PAD ends pain and cause—shoe pressure.*

←—*Medicated DISK quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.*

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condition after his long fast," the Mayor said. "I fed him a spoonful of milk and seven flies, and his recuperation was remarkable. I am wondering now, however, if I have acted in strict accordance with the law interpreted by my critics in the humane societies. After all, the flies were living creatures, and a snake's right to eat a fly is just as debatable as a spider's right to eat a snake."

That any action he might take with respect to the care and feeding of the snake would not pass unnoticed was evidenced this morning by a telegram from Mrs. Charlotte Hunt, president of the Humane Education Society of Chicago.

"Has snake been liberated?" inquired Mrs. Hunt. "Wire collect authoritative statement. National humane societies interested."

Mayor Langum telegraphed back his confession about the seven flies, and sat down to await results.

Over at the pump-house, a number of merchants who felt that they had been slighted through the choice of a window in which to display the snake did what they could to capture the spider for a rival display. The spider, however, eluded capture.

When last seen he was moving rapidly toward Main Street with a large spool of thread.

Wily, Wily P. Y. Chong

FOR ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar, but—

So is the tourist!

Chong knows. Seven years ago, his little restaurant up an alley in the Chinese quarter of Honolulu was adorned with plaques, vases, jade pendants, Manchu swords, gold-framed pictures, silk-bound books, and priceless Mandarin jackets. Where are those treasures now?

"All gone," says Chong. "Evelybody say velly nice. Takeum plicture; takeum blook; takeum evelything—all same souvenir. On wall Melican man, Melican lady write name and say, 'Aloha'—all same I love you. No good. Bimeby me: P. Y. Chong ketchum gland idea. Me build number one chop-chop house. Me: P. Y. Chong fixum all li. Come, you look see."

Seven years ago, Bob Davis, former editor-in-chief of the Munsey publications, discovered Chong. In Honolulu, the other day, he looked him up again—this time at the "number one chop-chop house"—and he tells us in the New York *Sun:*

"You can find him," advised a Fort Street cop, "down at the corner of Kuhio and Kalakaua Avenues, reigning magnificently over the Waikiki Lau Yee Chai, otherwise the Hall of Plenty and Satisfaction."

That's where he was.

A single glance at the worthy Chong revealed that a transformation, obviously the product of prosperity, had come upon him. Instead of the once humble caterer, content with a few patrons and the preservation of his art, I found a gorgeous personality schooled in the graces of cordial affiliation. In the midst of what was intended for salutations to a new patron, Chong suddenly identified me as an old patron and, without a moment's hesitation,

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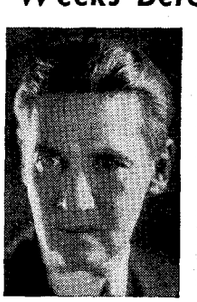

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Charlotte	WBT	8:00 P. M. Local Time
Dallas	WRR	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Denver	KLZ	9:00 P. M. Local Time
Minneapolis	WCCO	7:00 P. M. Local Time
Nashville	WLAC	7:00 P. M. Local Time
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backed toward what proved to be a private chamber, into which I followed, closing the door behind me.

Were Sax Rohmer to cross this threshold, he would emerge with the plots for ten Chinese novels. The Chong I met seven years ago, garbed in blue and white cotton, was now wearing silk. Six gold buttons adorned his dark purple coat; an ornate gold-and-jade ring encircled his left thumb; a faintly defined magenta symbol, denoting the wearer's serenity, was embroidered on the right cuff. His pantaloons, cut to the fullness of a skirt, fell within six inches of white silk socks fitting snugly into red-and-black taffeta slippers, pointed with dark green filigree designs. Manchu magnificence restored in one personality.

THEY seated themselves. A satrap emerged from nowhere bearing a tray laden with rice-cakes, sweets, and tea.

"Me: P. Y. Chong, velly glad see you," said Mr. Davis's host. "You all lite?"

"Better than ever," said Davis. "You got plenty chow chow?"

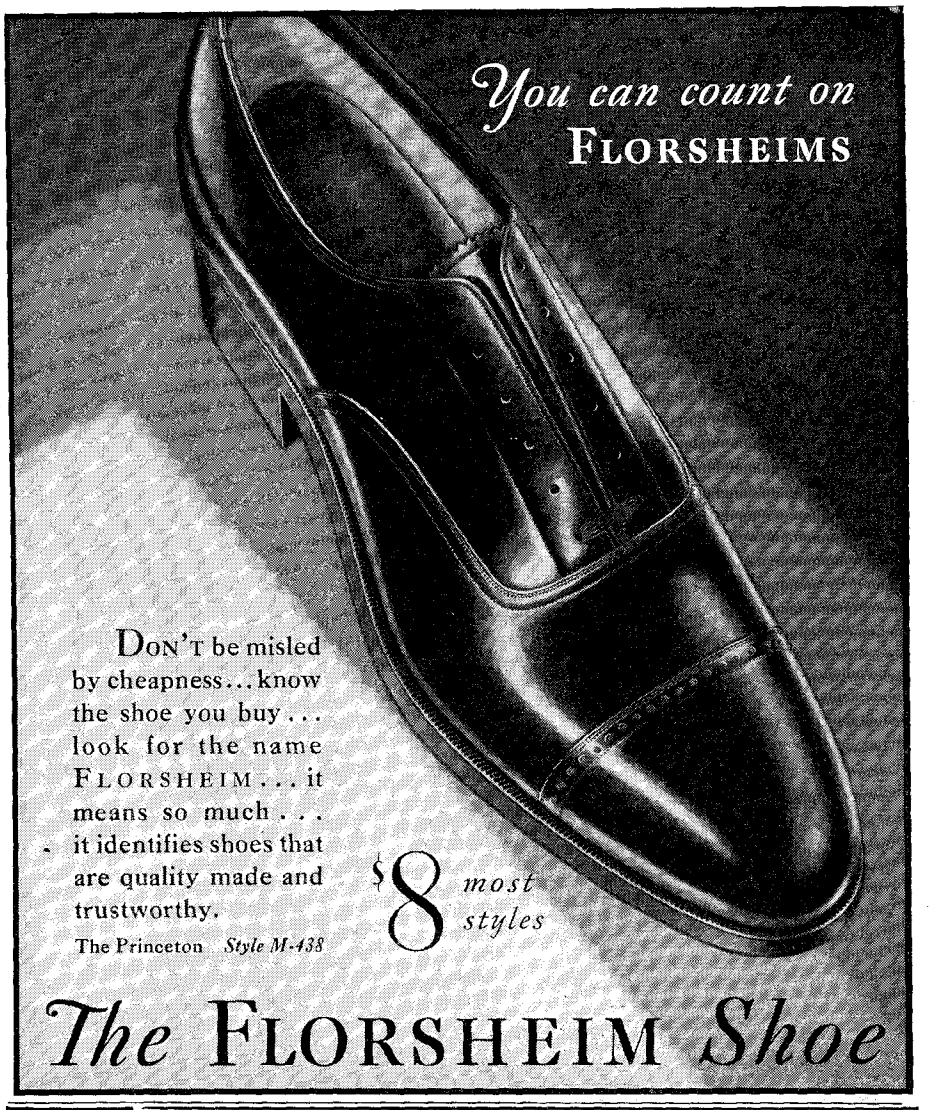
"Yes, Me: P. Y. Chong ketchum number one food. No ice-box. Evelything flesh. Plenty vegeble, clab meat, shlimp, lotsa chicken, lotsa glavy."

Then they fell to talking of the old place and of the fate that overtook its curios, and Me: P. Y. Chong invited Davis to inspect thoroughly the "Hall of Plenty and Satisfaction":

I was escorted from the holy of holies back to the main restaurant. Me: etcetera, on his face a broad grin, one of those that will never again come off, lifted his hand toward the upper walls, pointing out niches of varying sizes that had been cut at intervals. Something on the idea of the cave-dwellings laid out in Arizona, but more regular in design. Each niche contained from one to five beautiful specimens of Chinese pottery, statues, groups in crystal, bronze, jade, clay, and wood carvings, lacquered and plain. Between the crypts exquisite pictures, plaques, and metal disks were artistically arranged. This frieze was four feet in depth. Beneath was a two-foot book-shelf laden with exquisitely bound volumes dating from the Ti Ping dynasty. Below the book-shelf a series of black, red, and gold panels, eight feet in length, elaborately carved and utterly unsuitable for correspondence and signatures, extended to the floor.

THUS it had been made wholly impossible for those tourists whose ways are dark and whose tricks are vain to purloin Me: P. Y. Chong's treasures or to adorn his walls with their autographs. Triumphantly he chuckled:

"Pletty good idea. Me: P. Y. Chong keepum blook, vlace, plicture. All same too high for Melican man, Melican lady ketchum slouvenir. No place lite name; no place makum ploetly. Evelybody happy, all same old-time Chinee monk eat inside monastely. Me: P. Y. Chong glad to see people come my place. Come here meet old flen anytime. Two bits, four bits, one dollar, all same Me: P. Y. Chong. Lich man, poor man both welcome. Ketchum chicken, flog-leg, shark fin, vegeble. Me: P. Y. Chong mallied, three child'n, ketchum education Melican school. Plenty flen. All same hand flull gold. I go look see who come look see me."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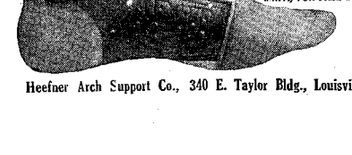

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Poll news continued from Page 9

What Home Editors Think of the City Vote in the Digest Poll

THE LITERARY DIGEST poll is a good deal like the methods used in sampling a mine. It is necessary to take a large quantity of average ore and quarter it down until it can be assayed.

So asserts Joseph J. Cannon, of Salt Lake City's *Deseret News*.

To "assay" first returns from typical, representative American cities, in all parts of the country, we have asked editors in these cities for their expert analyses. While comments are colored by political affiliations, a majority of them grant that even these earliest returns from American cities may be accepted as a fair index of the political trend.

Not the least interesting of these city votes in THE LITERARY DIGEST's Presidential poll are those coming from picturesque Palo Alto, home town of President Hoover himself, and seat of Leland Stanford University. First returns from Palo Alto, give Hoover 118 votes and Roosevelt 77. Dallas E. Wood, editor of the Palo Alto *Times* (Ind.), characterizes them as "an accurate indication of what the ratio of voting will be here in November." Mr. Wood adds:

While manifest sentiment here is still greater in Hoover's cause than in that of Roosevelt, the locally organized Democrats are more numerous and more active than four years ago.

Disappointments inherent in the depression have made inroads here in Hoover's support, but the local registration is still preponderantly Republican, and "home town" sentiment continues to be articulate in behalf of Hoover's reelection.

ON the other hand, the rival Palo Alto *News* (Ind.) emphasizes Democratic strength in the home town of Herbert Hoover. This paper stresses the close figures in the DIGEST returns:

We have a well-organized and enthusiastic Roosevelt Club here of over 1,000 members, many of whom are Republicans who supported Hoover in 1928.

Outlying districts of the city, not under university influence, gave Roosevelt an overwhelming majority in THE DIGEST vote. Mayfield, until its annexation several years ago one of the oldest towns in California, gave Hoover one vote and Roosevelt 34 in THE DIGEST vote. Where the shadow of the University does not fall Palo Alto is ardently Roosevelt.

Let us turn now to Boston, where first returns indicate an almost two-to-one vote for Hoover—in actual figures: Hoover, 1,246; Roosevelt, 640. Commenting editorially on these figures the Boston *Evening Transcript* (Ind. Rep.) is not overjubilant:

Figures like this may cause some Republican hearts to glow with hope, but they will not lead cooler minds to believe that the President can achieve any such victory in this city as that of two to one over his Democratic opponent.

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indicating that if even these numbers show such an extraordinary margin for the Republican candidate in a hopelessly Democratic city, the claims of the Roosevelt men that they will carry the State are just campaign hot air. We believe this to be true.

Resentment against the treatment of Alfred E. Smith and the sound reasons that gentleman has advanced why Governor Roosevelt should not be elevated to the Presidency will weigh heavily in the voting of Boston Democrats, who may cordially assist in the reelection of a Democratic governor but, many of them, balk at the ticket of Roosevelt and Garner.

Portland, Maine, is another city that presents something of a political puzzle. Early returns of the LITERARY DIGEST Presidential poll, showing a vote of 106 for Hoover and 53 for Roosevelt came as a surprize for many Portlanders. In the opinion of the editor of the Portland *Evening News* (Ind. Rep.), "it seems likely that Portland will support the Republicans by a larger majority" than these returns indicate, but "that this majority will be anything like a vote of two to one Republican is, however, in the opinion of this newspaper, extremely unlikely."

On the other hand, the Portland *Evening Express* (Ind.) is convinced that these initial returns will be supported on November 8:

We wouldn't be surprized if the proportion held pretty nearly up to that in the election. Maine will be for Hoover in the Poll and on Election Day. We offer this by way of a prediction.

First returns from Brooklyn, New York City's great home borough, give Roosevelt 3,413 votes to Hoover's 1,631. These figures parallel closely those of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind.). Commenting on these figures, *The Eagle* tells us:

The big question, of course, is whether the normal Democratic vote in New York City will be cut down sufficiently to permit the normal Republican vote up-State to overcome it.

Two important factors will be manifest in this year's election which were absent in 1928. One is the degree of resentment on the part of Smith followers toward Roosevelt. This may lead to heavy knifing of Roosevelt in the city.

Balancing this possibility, which would adversely affect Roosevelt's votes, is the fact that the Governor is believed to be stronger up-State than any Democratic candidate in years. This was apparent in the last election when he ran ahead of Smith and was elected Governor, altho Hoover carried the State.

THE Scranton *Times* (Dem.) accepts the first returns of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S poll from that metropolis of the anthracite coal region "as showing the trend in the Presidential election ahead." Governor Roosevelt leads by 82 votes, and the editor of *The Times* wires: "We might add that the DIGEST poll to date is in line with public expression hereabouts." And the Roosevelt*ian Times* admits frankly:

Never in our experience, which goes back quite a goodly number of years, has there been such wide-spread and open declarations of purpose on the part of Republicans to vote Democratic as heard this year. Scranton, over the more than fifty years since the establishment of Lackawanna County, has without exception returned a Republican majority in a Presidential contest.

The Times is encouraged by THE DIGEST'S vote into believing that Pennsylvania, like Maine, will at last break away from its Republican moorings and when the ballots are counted in November, be found in the Democratic column for the first time since Jimmy Buchanan, Pennsylvania's own son, was elected in 1856.

SAMPLING the "ore" of industrial Newark, Arthur M. Sinnott, managing editor of the well-informed Newark *Evening News* (Ind.), seems surprized at its Republican strength:

In the classification by cities, Newark gives Hoover 976 votes, Roosevelt 641. Obviously the returns are too slim to be conclusive. Newark has been wet and Democratic even in such Republican landslides as 1928, so later DIGEST figures will probably indicate the prospect more in line with past performances.

Some of our readers interested in the theories of probability and politics may wish to compare other early returns:

	Hoover	*Roosevelt*
Berkeley, Calif.	201	243
Palo Alto, Calif.	118	77
Sacramento, Calif.	94	325
Hartford, Conn.	698	379
Fitchburg, Mass.	55	48
Springfield, Mass.	446	238
Newark, N. J.	976	641
Reading, Pa.	234	355
Charleston, W. Va.	111	229
Wheeling, W. Va.	33	96
Salt Lake City, Utah.	186	380
Bridgeport, Conn.	378	370
Danbury, Conn.	128	91
Lawrence, Mass.	69	75
Lynn, Mass.	150	141
New Bedford, Mass.	93	115
Northampton, Mass.	64	42
Jersey City, N. J.	61	113
Trenton, N. J.	381	395
Scranton, Pa.	321	403
Clarksburg, W. Va.	97	110
Butte, Mont.	69	127
Spokane, Wash.	192	403
Oak Park, Ill.	104	86
Youngstown, Ohio	281	402
East Orange, N. J.	574	256
Colorado Springs, Colo.	205	254
Dearborn, Mich.	75	245
Pittsburgh, Pa.	1,097	955
Hempstead, N. Y.	223	211
Jamestown, N. Y.	260	220
Amsterdam, N. Y.	45	30
Auburn, N. Y.	55	60
Binghamton, N. Y.	86	126
Allentown, Pa.	198	299
Bethlehem, Pa.	72	95
Harrisburg, Pa.	143	198
Chester, Pa.	126	131
Wilmington, Del.	262	295
Portland, Me.	106	53
Boston, Mass.	1,246	640
Worcester, Mass.	250	167
Albany, N. Y.	997	870
Syracuse, N. Y.	122	128
Yonkers, N. Y.	567	539
Brooklyn, N. Y.	1,631	3,413
Pawtucket, R. I.	111	116
Cincinnati, Ohio	129	241

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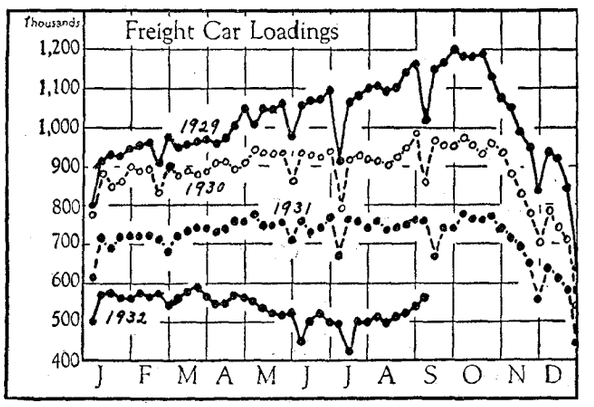
Significance of Bigger Car Loadings

IN SEARCHING ABOUT FOR SYMPTOMS of business recovery, a number of financial experts have found some cause of cheer in the increase in freight-car loadings during the summer.

True, an increase of some sort after July is seasonal and normal, and so in itself is not necessarily significant.

But the point is made that the increase in loadings from the July 4 holiday week up to the Labor Day holiday week was larger than the increase for the similar period in 1931. Or, to put it differently, the loadings for the first week in September fell behind the corresponding 1931 figures to a lesser extent than did the loadings for the first week of July.

A chart showing freight-car loadings for the past four years appears in the current *Business Conditions Weekly* of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The writer in the weekly finds in the curves certain features that may make the trend for the past summer really significant. In the first place, he calls attention to a distinct difference in the slope of the line representing car loadings in the late summer of 1931 and the one for the same period this year:



From the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*

In 1931 the trend was practically horizontal from April to late October and, since the seasonal trend in the latter part of the period should be upward, the car-loadings figures pictured a condition of business which was not stationary, but which was losing ground.

The upward slope of the line this year is more pronounced than the trend a year ago, and to this extent there is basic improvement. The late increase in loadings has been at a greater rate than normal seasonal expectancy.

A second feature of the record is the beginning of evidence that the gap between 1931 and 1932 is closing. Loadings in the first part of 1930 were below the corresponding months of 1929, but the disparity was not great.

As the year progressed, however, the spread widened. The year 1931 witnessed a large shrinkage from the freight volume of 1930, and this year's movement has been well below that of 1931.

The rising trend now, balanced against the horizontal movement of a year ago, affords ground for the conclusion that the decline in the volume of goods moving into consumption has about run its course.

MORE evidence along the same line appears in the movement of miscellaneous and less-than-carload freight. Both show during the summer a slight lessening of the rate of decline as compared with last year. This, of course, is considered favorable only in a negative sense; but stabilization of the rate at which goods move into consumption would be favorable after the long period of unbroken contraction.

How important are the figures for freight-car loadings as an index of business activity? This point is taken up by a writer for the Editorial Research Reports of Washington:

> Some business statisticians maintain that freight-car loadings are a less accurate barometer of business conditions than formerly, because of the recent diversion of a certain amount of freight to trucks and pipe lines. However, many of these observers admit that freight-car loadings are still as good a business barometer as any other single index.
>
> The more cautious observers warn against placing too much confidence in the recent rise in loadings, because similar rises, more than seasonal, have occurred during the present depression, only to be followed by further recession. This camp maintains that the best attitude to take toward the present situation is that a rise in freight-car loadings does not of itself indicate business recovery, but that recovery can not come without such a rise.
>
> In this connection it must be remembered that whereas much freight, such as coal and agricultural products, represents economic activity of a few days before, other freight, such as manufactured articles, represents the economic activity of a month or more before. Conversely, much of any increase in manufacturing to-day will show itself in freight-car loadings for the first time in October and November.
>
> A slight increase in loadings will benefit the railroads more than the figures would indicate on the surface, because it can be handled without any appreciable increase in handling costs.
>
> In fact, with more freight-cars in good condition standing idle to-day than cars being loaded, and with most freight-trains composed of fewer cars than usual, the roads could probably handle a considerable increase in freight at only a small increase in expense.

Politics and the Stock Exchange

IT BROKE ALL PRECEDENTS when the New York Stock Exchange decided to examine statements made by its members touching on politics around the time of the Maine election.

When Maine staged a political sensation by going Democratic, on the 12th of September, there was a sharp break in the stock market which lasted several days.

It was during this period that the election was mentioned in a number of market letters sent out by Stock Exchange brokerage houses.

And now the Exchange's committee on business conduct has asked member houses to send in copies of "all telegraphic communications dealing in any way with topics of a political nature sent or received by them between September 12 and 15, inclusive."

According to the news columns of the New York papers, there have been no complaints of violent partizanship, but the Exchange wants to play safe. Its authorities, according to the New York *Journal of Commerce,* are thought in Wall Street to be desirous "to avoid giving the impression that its members are utilizing their influence to oppose the Democratic nominee. In the event of his election, it is thought that adverse consequences may follow if it is found that the Exchange membership has been especially active politically on one or the other side."

Some of the brokerage-house opinions sent out immediately after the Maine election are thus quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "The uncertainties caused by the results in Maine were sufficient to accelerate the recent downward movement into a very serious reaction."
>
> "The apparent abandonment of the Republican standard by Maine resulted in the first complete selling climax since the abandonment of the gold standard by Great Britain."
>
> "The Maine election unquestionably did cause some selling, but it is more important as an excuse for what probably would have happened anyway, sooner or later."
>
> "The Democratic victory in the Maine elections brought an avalanche of selling into the security markets. From the psychological standpoint, the Democrats will probably capitalize on the implications of the Maine vote."
>
> "The reactionary tendencies which we saw developing last week were, of course, accelerated yesterday by the results of the Maine election."
>
> "Now it is repugnant to the tradition of freedom of speech and of the press to seek interference from above with expressions of

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opinion from Stock Exchange members," observes the New York *Journal of Commerce* editorially. "Obviously," it continues, "political events are having a profound influence on stock-market speculation at the moment, and stock-market letter-writers can hardly do justice to their task if they are to be prohibited from writing on politics."

The motive of the Exchange authorities, this paper thinks, is a wish "to keep the record clear, so that a Democratic Administration, if elected, will not regard the financial community, and the Stock Exchange in particular, as an inimical organization which sought to throw the weight of its influence into the campaign on the other side, and thus ought to be punished by more regulation." Since unintelligent interference with the stock market might have serious results, it seems to *The Journal of Commerce* that "the Exchange authorities show considerable political acumen in discouraging practises which may give encouragement to its political enemies, despite the distasteful interference with freedom of public expression which is involved."

It is the duty of the Stock Exchange, in the opinion of the New York *World-Telegram*, to scrutinize, even to censor, circulars sent out by its members which touch on national politics:

The coming Presidential election is not a stock-broking proposition. This is not a market players' campaign.

National political issues should not be exploited to aid the shifting games of "bulls" and "bears."

That goes for Hoover boosters and Roosevelt boosters alike. Also for brokers who "view" one candidate or another "with alarm."

Effect of Britain's Departure from Gold

WITH Britain off the gold standard for just a year on September 21, it seems a good time to the financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* to consider the consequences of that momentous decision.

It is clear to him that "neither the worst fears of those who viewed the episode as an irreparable and unmitigated calamity, nor the high hopes of those who chose to regard it as the beginning of a 'new freedom' for Great Britain have been fully realized."

But perhaps the pessimists were more nearly correct, he concludes, since unquestionably the abandonment of gold by England "was a world-shaking blow" which "set back recovery by many months":

Its repercussions abroad were probably worse than at home; for other countries—and particularly those remaining on the gold standard—did not participate in such mild relief as the move brought to England. In this country, certainly, it definitely marked the beginning of the most critical phase of the depression.

The departure from gold was finally precipitated by a heavy run on foreign short-term balances in London, but long before this, we are reminded, there had been a persistent propaganda in favor of "releasing sterling from its golden fetters" and trying the experiment of a managed currency.

Indeed, "advocates of such a course urged that it would mean an improvement, if not a reversal, of the trade balance; greater employment and relief through the painless opiate of inflation."

To what extent, then, were these expectations fulfilled? We read in *The Herald Tribune:*

Without attempting to go behind the figures themselves, it would appear that certain minor benefits at least have been conferred upon Great Britain through its experiment.

Until the last three months there were no signs of inflation, from the banking standpoint; the foreign trade figures showed a modest, but undeniable, reduction of the import balance; commodity prices rose temporarily, but were slightly lower at the end of eleven months; and security prices were higher.

Average wages were slightly lower, and the unemployment figures showed a considerable expansion. No current figures are available to show how industrial production has been affected.

FIGURES on stock prices show that they were affected comparatively little by the suspension of the gold standard. Two reasons for this are suggested: "First, interest-bearing securities had suffered a severe decline in anticipation of this 'inflationary' move; second, the move did not prove truly inflationary in a monetary sense." In fact, deposits of the "Big Five" London banks remained practically stationary up to last June, since when there has been some increase.

Looking ahead to the future of sterling, financial opinion, as reported by the *Herald Tribune* writer, "has been growing stronger each month and each week that a return to gold is inevitable; indeed, the British Exchequer has already succeeded in bringing about what amounts to *de facto* stabilization, presumably as a step preliminary to a resumption of gold."

The Four First Motor-Buyers

AS business picks up, four classes of people will be the first to start in buying new motor-cars. These four buyers, according to Vice-President C. H. Bliss of Nash Motors, as quoted in the New York *Times*, include "merchants, to whom any increase in business with the lowered overhead of to-day means greater profits; men in the higher-salaried groups, a large percentage of whom have incomes outside of salaries; those who benefit from a rise in the values of stocks and bonds, and the more substantial of farm and ranch owners, who benefit in a larger way from a rise in commodity prices."

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Trials of the Gold Standard.—According to the medicos blonde sun-bathers blister very easily. So it appears that blisters as well as misters prefer blondes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Try a Merry-Go-Round.—SALESMAN—"What kind of car would you like, madam, four, six or eight cylinders?"

TIMID CUSTOMER—"Couldn't I begin with one?"—*Judge.*

Knows His Oats.—BEGINNER—"Now, my man, I want to hire a horse. How long can I have it out?"

GROOM—"Well, sir, we usually leave that to the horse."—*Vart Hem (Stockholm).*

Fetch a Basket.—"Have you noticed how Ashton drops his aspirates?"

"It's nothing to the way he drops his vowels. I've got more than a dozen of his I. O. Us."—*Washington Labor.*

Beats the Five-Year Plan.—"We go away for our holidays every third year."

"What do you do the other years?"

"The first one we talk of last year's holiday, and the next year we discuss plans for the following year."—*Karikaturen.*

A Blow to Filial Pride.——"Mummie, you're not nearly so pretty as Nurse."

"Don't you think so, dear?"

"No. We've been walking round the park for an hour and not a single soldier has kissed you!"—*Humorist.*

Linotype Laughs.—

The ship of state is going fastrdlu
There is no captain at the mast . . . .
—*New York Times.*

The captain was probably etaoin.
—*Boston Globe.*

And anyhow, the captain's place is on the bridge. Did you look for him there, or the qwertyuiop deck?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Being Kind to the President.—"Daughter," said Dad sternly, "I hope there was none of this petting while you were out with that young man."

"Of course not" retorted daughter, sarcastically. "We simply got our heads together and tried to figure some way to help Mr. Hoover bring prosperity back."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

And Try This One, Mr. President.—"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. 'If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?"

"Why, boat-building."—*Tit-Bits.*

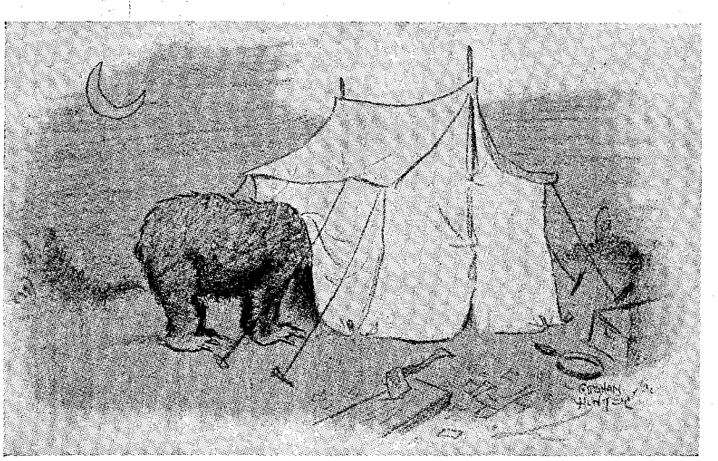
All Set for a Massacre.—"I told my wife I would shoot any man who had flirted with her at the seaside."

"What did she say?"

"She told me to bring a machine-gun."—*Die Wochenschau (Essen).*

Attention Elephant and Donkey.—'What do you think of our ticket?" asked the constituent.

"It is the best possible," answered Senator Sorghum. "But we've got to keep trying hard to make it look less like a promissory note and more like a meal ticket."—*Washington Star.*



"Fred, dear, I wish you'd shave oftener on these hunting trips."
"College Humor."

Incriminated.—GUEST—"Your little daughter looks so good and quiet."

HOSTESS—"I hadn't noticed. Mary, come here—what naughtiness have you been up to now?"—*Vart Hem (Stockholm).*

Going to His Grandmother's Funeral—SENIOR PARTNER—"Have you seen the cashier this morning?"

JUNIOR—"Yes, he came in here without mustache and borrowed the railway time-table!"—*American Mutual Magazine.*

How Does She Gezzo?—

Said a lady who warbled in mezzo,
"Oh, dear, I'm beginning to frezzo!
My runs and my trills
Should pay all my bills,
And they would if I wasn't in dezzo."
—*C. M. in the Boston Transcript.*

A Ballad of Knees.—Commissioner Utz of Chicago has decreed that the girls must wear skirts and not shorts on the city tennis courts.

"No ifs and buts," says Eugene Utz, "for racquet sports you shall shun shorts; for springs and spurts I favor skirts, on tennis courts, not vulgar shorts."

Each girl "Tut-tuts!" to Eugene Utz. "We once thought skirts were quite the nerts; but, if you please, we think our knees need lots of sun—and it's more fun."

But no "short" cuts for Eugene Utz; he bans short panz for young Suzannes who racquets swing, and each poor thing must play skirt-clad—Utz just too bad! —*Chicago News.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Spilling the Beans.—
SEED CORN TALKS
BEFORE FARMERS
—*Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph*

Why Worry?—Lost—Will person who took glasses and fancy work from car Friday morning please call 4503-W. Invaluable to anyone but owner. Reward.—*Baton Rouge Morning Advocate.*

Rise in Lipsticks.—Dr. Piccard is principally interested in studying the behavior of cosmetic rays ten miles above the earth.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Raising a Nice Mess of Cars.—More than 22,000,000 tires were planted by New York State this year.—*Long Island (N. Y.) Press.*

Propounding a Poser.—At the morning service Dr. Holcomb will discuss "If the Depression Is Disappearing, What Lessons Are We Learning?" Mrs. W. L. Walker will sing "Search Me, O God."—*Memphis Evening Appeal.*

Brand-New Sin.—The International Sunday-School Lesson for September 4 is "Evils of Temperance."—Isaiah v.—*Church Notice in the Los Angeles Times.*

Big Medicine.—
RAPIDS WOMAN, HIT
BY TRAIN IMPROVED
—*Des Moines Register.*

No Bootlegged Birthdays.—Wanted—A homeless woman to keep house in a motherless home for one man of thirty and one little boy yrs old for board and room and clothes, must be between twenty-five and thirty-five, the year around.—*Yakima (Wash.) paper.*

Knows Life in the Raw.—
VOTE TUESDAY FOR
A—M—S
EMINENTLY QUALIFIED
He Has Had Excellent Business Experience as owner of a gasoline and oil station and father of six sons.—*Election Notice in a Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) paper.*

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Our flash
light crackers specially manufactured with superior quality of material by famous chemists can outlast longer than there of other dealers. They are not only free from harm, but also emit a thunderlike round, went ignite.—*Firecracker wrapper forwarded by a Slips fan from Paauilo (Hawaii.)*

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